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CHEVELEY.

VOL. I.

——————I speak
Of what I know, and what I feel within.

WORDSWORTH.

"Quare tunc formandi mores (inquit Erasmus) cùm mollis adhuc ætas; tunc optimis assuescendum cùm ad quidvis cereum est ingenium."

"Le marriage est une chose très sérieuse; On ne peut pas trop penser—heureux ceux qui en pense toute leur vie!"

From the very hurried, peculiar, and disadvantageous circumstances under which the first edition of this work was brought out, numerous misprints occurred, which are corrected in the present edition.

CHEVELEY;

OR,

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

BY

LADY LYTTON BULWER.

Rosina Doyle (Wheeler) Bulwer-Lytton
baroness Lytton

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, 19, HOLLES STREET.
1839.

ERRATA.—Page 9, line 23, for "tous" read "toutes."—P. 13, l. 2, for "Machiaville" read "Machiavelli."—P. 21, l. 3, for "Thesuus on Marithon" read "Theseus on Marathon."—P. 22, l. 18, for "pentive" read "ventive."—P. 39, l. 6 & 7, for "laissez ces niaiseries tu n'étiez pas" read "laisse ces niaeseries tu n'étois pas."—P. 46, l. 17, for "aurez pour le" read "aurai pour la."—P. 137, l. 18, for "je me suis abimé" read "je suis abimée."—P. 142, l. 24, for "voi" read "vois;"—for "devoit" read "deverais;"—l. 25, for "épousée" read "épousé."—P. 143, l. 7, for entrainée" read "entrainé;"—l. 9, for "sai" read "sais."—P. 217, l. 4, for "froide" read "froides."—P. 225, l. 8, for "prêcher" read "prêchez."—P. 253, l. 22, for "dévouée" read "dévoué."—P. 256, l. 3, for "val" read "vaut;"—l. 13, for "c'étoient" read "c'était;"—l. 18, for "ayent" read "ayant."—P. 257, l. 4, (in the note) for "voil" read "voile."—P. 261, l. 20, for "drolles" read "droles."—P. 266, l. 16, for "foi" read "fois;"—l. 22, for "dans Paris" read "à Paris."—P. 267, l. 2, for "costumée" read "costumé."—P. 274, l. 19, for "mêle" read "mêlent."—P. 275, l. 16, for "hale" read "halle."—P. 276, l. 12, for "de rigure" read "de rigeur."—P. 281, l. 20, for "laisser" read "laissez;"—l. 22, for "dois" read "doit"—P. 286, l. 19, for "quitter" read "quitté."—P. 288, l. 13, for "Fieski" read "Fieschi."—P. 293, l. 25, for "fois" read "foi."

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TO

NO ONE NOBODY, Esq.,

OF NO HALL, NOWHERE.

Dear Sir,—In dedicating these volumes to you, I acquit myself of a debt of gratitude to the only man whose integrity I have found unimpeachable, and whose friendship I have proved unvarying. Among the most deserving of my own sex I have, in many instances, found sincere and unchanging affection, united with those higher and rarer virtues, which from adorning, reconcile us to human nature, though truth compels me to acknowledge that I have known others whose deep-rooted selfishness, puerile vanity, and vacillating weakness of character proved them to be "nature's worst anomalies"—masculine women!

In enumerating the catalogue of *your* virtues, you cannot tax me with that servility of flattery which you are the only man in the world who would disdain. Since every one is aware it has even passed into a proverb, that *Nobody* is per-

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fection. In your literary career you have neither evinced, nor experienced envy, but then it is acknowledged on all sides, that your genius excels that of Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Bacon, Locke, Scott, and Moore, your learning exceeds that of Bayle, and your science that of Newton. In patriotism you go beyond the heroes of ancient Rome, and you are the only person whose politics would bear to be analyzed by the most chemical scrutiny. Yet, here you have shared the lot of humanity, and have been the victim of calumny; as it is only a short time ago that your friends, the Whigs, accused you of anticipating Lord Durham's speech, and sending it to the Times. The world, however, did not attach the slightest credence to the accusation; yet, with unceasing fidelity, you, and *you only* continue to believe the Whigs honest! Your domestic virtues, if possible, exceed your public ones; you are an exemplary husband, and such a father! and with a generosity truly unparallelled, take upon yourself all the blame, of all the mischief done in every house. Generally speaking, Folly's cap and bells are to be found as often, if not oftener, on the hoary head of age, as on the Hyperian curls of youth; but you are an exception, for you are the only man whom "flattery fools not," or interest does not warp—ay, even the

small paltry interest of a dinner, a speech, a paragraph in a newspaper, or a tabouret in a demoralized and demoralizing coterie. "Such divinity doth hedge" the vices of men, that no man cares to expose or interfere with those of another; the protecting laws for infamy which themselves have made, they must not of course infringe, for as Claudian truly says,

> "Patere legem quam ipse tulisti,
> Incommune jubes siquid censes ve tenendum,
> Primus jussa subi, tunc observantior æqui,
> Fit populus, nec ferre vetat cùm viderit ipsum
> Autorem parere sibi."

Therefore is it that whatever the injuries, outrages, and persecutions of we women may be, men invariably, whether from cowardice, coldness, craft, caution, self-interest, or selfishness, shrink from all interference in our legitimate ill-treatment; and mark my words, dear sir, Sergeant Talfourd's Custody of Infants' Bill will never pass, for he is only likely to have *your* assistance; and with regard to our sex, men are members of nature's inquisition, whose profligacy can only flourish and be protected by keeping the instruments of torture in their own hands.

As far back as 732, the cavalry of the Arabians, like that of their ancestors, the Parthians, was extremely formidable, and the Franks (not M. P.'s), whose armies were com-

posed solely of infantry, found it difficult to resist the attacks of so versatile an enemy, or even to derive any permanent advantage from success. So it is with us women; our enemy is so versatile, consisting of law, custom, and might, that we can only fight after the Parthian fashion—throw down our arrows, and fly; all our efforts for justice or redress must be unavailing, till *as a sex*, we feel for and defend ourselves. Abstract and unorganized efforts never have, and never will achieve a victory; to our individual struggles men may still answer like the fox in the fable, when the cat boasted her superior skill.

> "Tu prétends être fort habile,
> En sais tu tant que moi? J'ai cents ruses au sac,
> Non dit l'autre: je n'ai qu'un tour dans mon bissac;
> Mais je soutiens qu'il en vaut mille."

And their one trick, worth our thousand, is *power!*

Knowing, dear sir, that you are always more busy than any one else, I will not trespass longer on your valuable time, than to assure you that I am, and ever shall be,

Your devoted admirer,
And much obliged servant,
THE AUTHOR.

Bath, March 27, 1839.

CHEVELEY;

OR,

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

CHAPTER I.

With all its sinful doings, I must say
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the sun shine every day,
And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree,
Festoon'd much like the back scene of a play,
Or melodrama, which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.—BYRON.

FOR such as believe that Love is and ought to be omnipotent, the following "tale" can have but little attraction; and, on the other hand, to those, the unmercifully virtuous, who deem that to "feel tempted, is to sin," and who in their notions of the perfectable capacities of human nature, go beyond Pythagoras and Plato, it will

have still less: for to them, the many-languaged voice of the passions is the unknown tongue of St. Paul, requiring interpretation; they are indeed, "righteous over much," yet wanting all

"The fair humanities of old religion."

Oh! how many uncanonized martyrs there are in every-day domestic life, hourly warring both with the flesh and the spirit (and literally taking up their cross daily); and this must ever be the case as long as men continue to enforce the laws of God grammatically, thereby assuming a wide difference between the masculine and feminine, which is no where to be found in the text! "C'est une triste métier que celle de femme," says the French proverb, and it says truly. In society, the worst conducted women generally fare the best, because their provocations to misconduct are often most humanely and charitably allowed; while the really virtuous almost invariably find coolness and insensibility, or want of temptation, the only

merits awarded to them. But it is in England alone that there is a dark and jesuitical hypocrisy in the systematically unjust conduct of men towards women; and those gentlemen who write the most liberally and lachrymosely about the errors of female education, which tends to stultify their intellect, warp their judgment, weaken the moral tone of their natures, and in every way unfit them to be the friends and companions of men, are the very first practically to labour for this state of things, which they effect to deprecate. As most husbands appear to think, that if their wives have a second idea, the world cannot be large enough for them both, any more than two suns can shine in one hemisphere. But the manner of evincing this opinion is even more offensive than the opinion itself, as they never cease to "affiché" the veto that woman have no right even to mental free will, and are as much surprised at their daring to express an opinion different to that they have been commanded to entertain, as if the ground on which they

walked were suddenly to exclaim, "Don't trample on me so hardly!" Then come the exparte judgments of how far things ought to annoy or please others—a matter perfectly impossible to be decided upon, but by self; so true is the assertion of Epictetus, "that men are more tormented by the opinion of things than by the things themselves."

To those who require in print the extremes of virtue and vice, which are not in human nature, I repeat that these volumes can have little attraction; but to such as are aware that our nature, like our fate, is of "a mingled yarn of good and evil," there may be something in them not wholly uninteresting.

Heir to a marquisate, and immense wealth, his father dying when he was little more than five years old, and his mother before he was twenty, Augustus Mowbray was the spoiled child of nature and fortune; consequently, at the age of eight-and-twenty (the period when this history commences), he had begun to consider mankind as divided into

two great classes—the boreing and the bored; the first being formed by those who write and talk, and the latter by those who read and listen, "blasé sur tout." His creed was taken from that pithy line in the "Rejected Addresses," which asserts that "nought is every thing, and every thing is nought." This truth, which he felt every moment of his life, strange to say, only impelled him the more violently to be eternally in search of something: the unknown future was always to him "that blest Canaan that should come at last," and locomotion he deemed the only method by which it could be attained.

To Italy once more then he determined to wend his way, in his Sisyphus task of toiling after happiness. As a burnt child dreads the fire, so most persons dread a story, the scene of which is laid abroad, as they almost invariably find themselves, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, overwhelmed with towers, turrets, temples, statues, palaces, prisons, aqueducts, and fountains; but in these pages they will have

nothing of this sort either to fear or to hope; and let those who are not already sated with descriptions of "the sweet South," read Mrs. Starke, believe Childe Harold, and dream of Corinne.

Horace Walpole complains of having "lived post" all his life: poor man—that was nothing! Mowbray had lived steam! and consequently had had no time to like, much less to love, any thing; yet there was a similarity in their fates. Horace had one happy moment, which he describes by saying "Tanton" (the dog Madame Du Defand sent him.) "Tanton and I jumped into a bed as hot as an oven." Now Mowbray's happy moment was, when he jumped into a britschka with his friend Saville, as easy as Collinge's axletree and under-springs could make it, and found himself on his road to Italy for the fourth time, literally in search of a pursuit!

"In England," said he, "there is no opening. Love is like every thing else in our nation of shopkeepers, wholly commercial in politics:

one is a mere Dogberry, eternally looking back upon all the political Shakspeares who have stolen one's best ideas (alias speeches); and as for society, one is tired of stalking from room to room, night after night, like a resuscitated

> "'Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a dandied cane.'"

In short, in England one has the "far niente," without the "dolce;" and it was of the latter he went in quest, in the very worst stage of our national malady, "demophobia." From Paris to Geneva, the travellers contrived to sleep nearly the whole way; thus prudently providing against the time when mosquitos and other Italian miseries would "murder sleep." They had slept through a most splendid and terrific storm in the Jura Mountains, when they were disagreeably awakened by a sudden stoppage, and the audible "sacres" of their scapin of a courier, Luigi Andare. "Canaille que vous êtes," cried the indignant Colossus of Roads,

" Je parlerais moi même à monseigneur, et dame, vous avez beau parler, qu'est ce que ça me fait moi, si monseigneur était le pape il ne pourrait pas faire des chevaux J'espere ?"

The cause of this dilemma was, that Prince Borghese having taken up twenty horses, there was none left for them; but Andare, nothing daunted, after first casting a mingled look of vengeance and contempt on the phlegmatic Maître de Poste (who stood philosophically looking on, with a hand in each pocket), approached the prince's carriage, cap in hand, and so eloquently represented to him the *propriety* of sparing his master one horse from each of his highness's carriages, that, with a bow to them, and a bene-bene to him, the triumphant Luigi, with one hand, pointed to have the horses taken off, while he shook the other menacingly doubled at the Maître de Poste. Then ensued a vituperative patois, long and loud between these worthies, that echoed above

the thunder through the mountains. "What the deuce do they say?" asked Saville.

"Why," said Mowbray, taking upon him the office of interpreter, "there are some threats about eternal disgrace, and throat-cutting, but whether yours, mine, Andore's, or the Maître de Postes, is to be the victimized thorax, I cannot take upon me precisely to say."

"Down, Prince! down, sir!" said Mowbray to a large black bloodhound, who, for the purpose of better barking at the oratorical Maître de Postes, had just leapt up and tried to insinuate himself as Bodkin between the two friends.

How I do pity dogs condemned to travel, especially large ones, like the "Black Prince" in question! Poor things, they seem, with their drooping ears, melancholy eyes, and cramped paws, to go a step beyond Madame de Staël in their estimation of locomotive delights, and think that travelling is not "le plus triste de tous les plaisirs," but "le plus triste de tous les peines." The gentlemen in the

rumble having condescendingly united their efforts with those of Andare, the five contributed horses were soon put to, and our travellers once more "en route." Perhaps it would have been difficult to have brought together two more opposite characters in effect than Mowbray and Saville, though their elementary qualities were much the same. The only difference consisted in the former having great enthusiasm of character, the latter great enthusiasm of manner. Saville could not descant upon a tree, a picture, or a cloud, without speaking as if his whole being were wrapped up in his subject; while Mowbray, on the contrary, who was capable of feeling the effects of each much more deeply, would converse lightly, nay, almost coldly and critically, about them. Saville would write the most passionate love-letters, but the chivalric romance of Mowbray's nature could make sacrifices which Saville could not even comprehend; yet were they both generous—both high-minded—both clever. Hence the cement of

their friendship; for it is a mistake, and an egregious one, to suppose that we like our opposites. We do not like our opposite—how should we? Since sympathy is the great tie between all human beings, as is usual with superficial observers, who generally contrive to mistake the effect for the cause, this popular fallacy has grown into a proverb. The truth is, we all like different results produced from the same sources! just as the world is fertilized by differently directed rills, that all flow from one parent stream: but who ever heard of a generous and liberal nature feeling a strong affection for a miserly and sordid one? though a person who was merely constitutionally lavish, would feel not only affection, but the greatest admiration for a person who might in their personal expenditure appear parsimonious, in order to have in reality the power of gratifying a generosity founded on principle. Wits, indeed, might love their fellow wits the better, were their field of action not always to be the same. Still, in order to appreciate wit, a person must

himself possess it. Who would care to be a Voltaire, if all the world were to be "des Pères Adam," Orpheus being the only personage on record, who had the enviable power of charming brutes? What do persons mean by an agreeable companion? Certainly not one who monopolizes the whole conversation, but as certainly, one who can converse. And what does a brave person despise so much as a coward? An ill-tempered person may indeed like, "par preference," a good-tempered one, who hears and bears with him; but did this goodness of temper merely proceed from an apathetic coldness, which nothing could move, the odds are, they would detest them, and would rather they met on equal terms in single combat, twenty times a day. For one great proof of sympathy being the electric conductor of human affections, look at the members of all professions, and their standard of greatness is measured by what they themselves pursue. A music-master will talk with tears in his eyes of Mozart or Rossini, and exclaim, "those, indeed, are truly

great men!" Talleyrand (if he could feel) would have felt the same towards Machiaville. Madame Michaud no doubt places Taglioni somewhere in the calendar between St. Catherine and Santa Teresa; and I'll venture to assert that no rigid governess passed the grand climacteric, bent upon teazing her pupils to skeletons, and therefore piquing herself upon her inflexible justice, but worships the name of Aristides, and never looks upon a shell without a shudder of indignation. So much for the theory of people liking their opposites!

I only know one instance in which this is the case, and I believe it is by no means an uncommon one: I allude to the weakness of ugly men generally prefering handsome women to their own softened images. The great reason why men have no sympathy with women is, that the essential selfishness of their own natures prevents their comprehending the anti-selfishness of the other sex; and while they are eternally demanding as their right,

sympathy from them—even for their vices—they laugh at many of their feelings, merely because they cannot understand them; in short, that excellent proverb, "Love me, love my dog," is the alpha and omega of the doctrine of sympathy.

Little worth mentioning occurred to the travellers, till they reached the watchmaking city of Geneva; for it is uselese to tell of the bad supper they got at Genlis (almost as bad as the sentiment and morality of its namesake, the quack comtesse), or of the good wine they got at Morez. Weary and cold, they entered Geneva of a fine September morning—before Mont Blanc had thrown off her "misty shroud," or Monta Rosa blushed into light—too sleepy to heed even the legendary murmering of the gentle lake, or the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone;" turned away from every inn within that most dirty and unbeautious town; and driven by necessity in the shape of two faded and ill-tempered postil-

lions, they at length reached Secheron, and soon found themselves in two of Monsieur de Jeans most clean and comfortable beds; not thinking of the past, and not dreaming of the future.

CHAPTER II.

E'en as the tenderness that hour instils,
When summer's day declines along the hills;
So feels the fulness of the heart and eyes,
When all of genius that can perish—dies.
LORD BYRON'S *Monody on the death of Sheridan.*

And is there then no earthly place,
Where we may rest in dream Elysian,
Without some curst, round English face
Popping up near to break the vision?
MOORE.

It was about four o'clock, P.M., when Mowbray, from his bedroom windows, espied Saville in deep conference at the end of the garden with the triton of the lake, who was busily unmooring the boat, and pointing to the oppo-

site shore. He put on his hat, and soon stood beside him.

"My dear fellow," said he, "I suppose you are going over to Lord Byron's house, and as I perceive you are getting up a sensation, I will promise not to interrupt you—only let me go with you."

Saville laughed, and they sprang into the boat together: by mutual consent they seemed to drink in the quiet beauty of the scene, for neither of them spoke till they reached the other side; when, from the confused directions of the boy who had rowed them, it seemed doubtful whether, at the end of their ramble, they should find themselves at Shelley's or Lord Byron's House.

However, trusting to their stars, and preceded by Prince, they began ascending the steep narrow lane that leads into the little village; they at length got to the wilderness of vineyards that bursts upon one, previous to the turn which leads to the house—that house which seems almost emblematic of the fortunes of its

once-gifted tenant—all that relates to its domestic and homeward state, so chill and desolate.—The rusty iron gates—the grass grown court—the dried up fountain—the two leafless trees, and the long echoing and melancholy-sounding bell; this is the home side of the house only seen by the few!

The very air feels chill and looks dark, while the side next the lake is embosomed in fertile terraces; the house itself standing upon an eminence, as if marked out as a focus for the gaze of the wide world of beauty it looks down upon, while an eternal sunlight seems to throw a halo and gild into brightness every thing in and around it.

The present owner, an English gentleman of the name of Willis, though at home, very obligingly permitted the friends to go over it. On the left hand side of the hall is a little study opening on a terrace, where the poet used to write, and from which Lake Leman looks its best; further on is a large and comfortable drawing-room, which has two different views of the

lake; outside this room, in the centre of the hall, is a staircase, which leads to the bedrooms, which are divided by a little gallery, lined with pictures, or rather old portraits, some of them curious enough. On the right of this gallery is the room Lord Byron used to sleep in, with its little tent-bed, and its one window looking out upon the vineyards and the lake: in one corner of this room stands an old walnut-tree escrutoire, on two of the drawers of which, written on white paper, in his own hand, are the following labels—"BILLS"—"LADY BYRON'S LETTERS."

"Now, really," said Mowbray, "though one is apt to laugh at people who run miles to look on those who have seen 'Sir Walter's head, Lord Byron's hat,' and all that sort of thing; yet I confess, that I cannot look round this little room, and upon these spots of ink, which I dare say he dashed impatiently out of his pen, as he put 'the letters' into the drawer, without a weakness, that brings my heart into my eyes, for one feels a part of one's own being annihilated,

when one thinks that a mighty spirit has passed from the earth for ever, while such frail memorials of it as these remain long after to remind us of it!"

"This from *you*, Mowbray, of all people in the world! Why, I did not know you were such an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Byron's."

"Of the *man*, perhaps not—but of the *genius* yes; though I am not sure he was worse than his peers in that respect. I have long had a pet theory concerning authors; I doubt very much if the outside of a beautiful face is more different from the bone and arteries that compose it within, than are books from their authors; indeed, so strongly am I imbued with this idea, that I sometimes fancy Dr. Johnson must have been in reality an atheist, and Tom Paine a fanatic!"

Just at this moment, Prince, who was sitting in the middle of the room, with his ears erect, blinking his eyes at a sunbeam, crouched his head for a moment, and then lifting up his face, gave three of those shrill, melancholy howls,

with which dogs sometimes startle the superstitious. What could it be? Was it the shade of Byron, like that of Thesuus on Marithon, which had past and "smote without a blow?" The poor animal seemed evidently uncomfortable, and walking to the door, scratched and listened at it, till his master let him out. They cast "one long, lingering look" at the little deserted chamber, and descended once more into the grass-grown court. They had scarcely drawn the rusty iron gate after them, albeit in no merry mood, when, lo! puffing and panting up the lane, one of those ubiquitous rubicund Anglo visions burst upon them, which let no way-worn traveller in a foreign land hope to escape. It was no less a personage than one of their outlawed compatriots, Major Nonplus, taking his *appetitenal* walk before dinner, and looking, in his red Belcher cravat, Flammingo face, and scarlet waistcoat, for all the world like an ambulating carbuncle, trying to extinguish the setting sun.

Major Nonplus was one of those clever ma-

naging mortals, who, with little money or credit, always contrived to keep more carriages, horses, and houses, than any one else; he was also one of those innumerable "best-natured creatures in the world," always bent upon *making every body comfortable*, and therefore succeeding in making every body miserable. Had a dowager manœuvred so as her daughter should sit next a duke's elder son, or a snobbish "millionaire" of a county member at dinner, Major Nonplus instantly started up and divided them on the gallant and facetious plea, that he could not possibly sit next to Mrs. Nonplus, (to whose tender mercies he had been purposely consigned.) Was he admitted to a morning visit by some Johnny Raw of a footman, (for in all houses where he had appeared twice, a preventive porter was stationed, who knew him to be contraband), and saw two friends confidentially conversing, he invariably out-stayed the first comer, thinking that the host or hostess would enjoy an *agreeable* "tête-à-tête" with *him*, "*when the coast was clear!*" Did he en-

counter two lovers in a shady walk, he instantly joined them, "fearing the young people might be dull. Did the mother of five "pelican daughters" (all unmarried) happen to observe with a sigh, that she had never been at Clifton but once, when her youngest darling Jemima had the scarlet fever, the major instantly observed, with that chronological memory so dreadfully prevalent among common people—

"Ah, I perfectly remember it was there I first had the pleasure of meeting you: let me see—that was in the autumn of ninety-eight, and Miss Jemima was then a little urchin of four or five years old, and a remarkably clever, forward little thing she was too; any one would have taken her for seven or eight. True, I assure you—I never flatter!"

Did he encounter an acquaintance in a packet, whose wife some three years before might have eloped from him, the major would instantly, before the assembled audience on the quarter-deck, grasp his hand, and calling him by his name, assure him, though he had never written

to him since poor Mrs. So-and-so's *mishap*, that he most sincerely pitied him! Did he venture to bet on a rubber, when congratulated upon his good luck in winning by the person he had betted upon, he would reply with an amiable candour that baffles all description:—"My dear fellow, I owe it all to you; I saw you revoke when your adversary's queen was out, and then I knew the game must be yours, and so I betted upon you."

The major, though no logician, was rich in proverbs, which he called to his assistance upon all occasions; and one he practically illustrated in his costume, viz., that "familiarity breeds contempt;" for which reason there was always a species of Scotch divorce subsisting between his waistcoat and trousers, and between the latter and his Wellington boots; though, to be sure, as "coming events cast their shadows before," in the shape of great rotundity of form, these garments had not altogether the merit of prescience in the respectful distance they kept from each other. There was one

very remarkable circumstance attending Major Nonplus, which was that no one ever yet met him, that he had not either just come into a legacy of £70,000, or just been defrauded out of a similar sum: the former solved the enigma of a house in Park-lane, and a stud at Melton, while the latter as satisfactorily accounted for a cottage in the Tyrol. But whether the aforesaid £70,000 was among the fashionable arrivals or departures in the major's fate, it made little difference in his hospitality, which, however, was always in the future tense; and though *sure* of an invitation to his house, at which ever side of the channel the invited found himself, yet he could only hail it, as the witches hailed Macbeth on his Thane of Cawdor-ship, "*that is to be.*" Among his other delightful attributes, he seemed to have realized Sir Boyle Roache's idea of a bird, and to possess the power of being "in two places at once;" for no sooner had A left him, "taking tea and toast upon the wall of China," than B would write word he had encountered him

"'Mid the blacks of Carolina."

This ambulating lottery-office now advanced, looking as blank as the loss of £70,000 could make him; but extending two stumpy fingers of each hand to Saville and Mowbray, exclaimed,

"Bless me! delighted to see you. Heard how that rascal Price Hatton has behaved to me? By George! sir, done me out of £70,000!—Obliged to cut and run,—left poor Mrs. Nonplus buried alive in the Tyrol (where, by the by, you *must* come and see us in the spring; *not now*, for it's damp, misty, and disagreeable), and I've just come to Geneva to see what's going on. Things have come to a pretty pass, when a man goes to Geneva for news; but when one goes upon *tick*, can't come to a better place, eh?—ha! ha! ha! Ah! been to see Lord Byron's house, I suppose? Nothing very *tasty* about it;—saw the cabinet, with the label about Lady B.'s letters;—curious, isn't it?—Understand he used to talk about her sometimes."

"Indeed!" said Saville and Mowbray, in a breath. "What used he to say of her?"

"Oh! that he hoped they should never meet again. Interesting anecdote, isn't it? Thought it might please her to know that he sometimes spoke of her ('cause it showed that he thought of her), and was going to write and tell her this *little anecdote;* but, as Mrs. Nonplus justly observed, people *are* so *odd*, and one never gets thanked for doing a good-natured thing; so I thought I had better not."

"I quite agree with you," said Mowbray, laughing. "I dare say she never would have had the *gratitude* to thank you for so *great a piece of kindness*."

"Very likely not," said the innocent major. "Been to see Ferney yet?"

"No; we only came last night."

"Oh! well that's all right. *I* can put you in the way of these things, you see:—hire a 'char-à-banc' to-morrow—don't go in your carriage—no body does it here (ahem! for a very good reason.) I'd lend you one of mine, but Mrs. Nonplus has got the chariot—the

girls have taken the britschka,—and Tom—you know my son Tom—at school when you saw him—now a great strapping fellow in the Rifles—well, Tom's got the phaeton. So you see I'm reduced to the *marrowbone* stage. *I'll* go with you, and that will save you from that old bore of a gardener, who says he remembers Rousseau—no, Voltaire, isn't it?—and all that sort of thing; and I'll *explain away as long* as you like; besides, I suppose you've got Mrs. Starke; for *all* the English abroad are *Starke mad*—ha! ha! ha!—not bad is it?"

"We are going to Chamouni to-morrow, thank you," gasped Mowbray, trying to struggle with the boring adhesiveness of the major.

"Oh! well, any oth—"

"I fear," interrupted Saville, perceiving he was about to volunteer his services to an *any day* period; "I fear we shall be late for dinner."

"Bless me! I hope not," said the major, pulling his warming-pan of a watch out of his

gulf of a fob; "for I am engaged to dine with Signor Bartiloni, the owner of the pretty villa at the other side of the water."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mowbray; "for perhaps you would have dined with us."

"Oh! my dear fellow, I'd much rather do that, now you mention it. I can see Bartiloni any day; but you're on the wing; so, if you'll allow me, I'll just row over and tell them not to expect me, and I'll be with you in the twinkling of an eye; but don't wait a moment for me!—and just mention *my* name, and tell Dejean to let you have some of that creaming Burgundy of his, of the vintage of 21,—it's the right thing, I assure you; and his sherry is very fair; but you'll find the Madeira better and I should advise you to stick to *that*."

And so saying, the major vanished, leaving the friends in perfect despair at his non-anticipated acceptance of their invitation.

"I hope, my dear Mowbray, this will be a lesson to you never to trust to Major Nonplus's being engaged twelve deep; for you see

his friendship for you is such, that he is ready to jilt any one for the pleasure of your society."

Mowbray laughed; and on reaching the boat, addressed some inquiries to the boy, touching the unhappy Signor Bartiloni, whom they were about to deprive of the major's company. The first information they reaped was, that he was at the time being in Paris, and was not expected home for a month; at which they exchanged looks and smiles. On arriving at the inn, they found their guest domiciled before them, making the tour of a tub of ice, and equally dividing his attentions between three long-necked spinster-like-looking bottles and two of more matronly dimensions.

"Ah! you see I'm to the minute;—thought it better to order the wine for you—save you trouble;—besides, Dejean daren't hum me—know every bin in his cellar! Pray," continued the major, seating himself at the table, and arranging his napkin carefully around his chin, under the "surveillance" of his ample

white cravat, after the fashion of his royal highness of ——, "pray are you aware that the De Cliffords are at Milan?"

"By themselves?" asked Saville hastily, "or —or—',

"Oh no, the whole party,—the Dow looking more grim than ever, Lady De Clifford more beautiful than ever, and Miss Neville—the pretty Fanny, more fascinating than ever."

"Fanny—Miss Neville, with them?" said Saville, and his face flushed to a deep crimson.

"Why, God bless me!" said the major, "that fire is too much for you: change places with me, my dear fellow; I'm an old soldier—can stand fire, you know—ha! ha! ha!"

"Is not Lord De Clifford rather an odd person?" asked Mowbray, intuitively pitying his poor friend in the *gauche* fangs of the major.

"Oh, monstrous odd: he had been puzzling his brain upon a calculating machine (having his amiable mother, I suppose, for a model), when, lo! just as he had nearly completed it, out comes Mr. Babbage's, and obliges him to

relinquish the science of numbers for the art of tormenting, which he has practiced upon poor Lady De Clifford ever since. And when a man forms the laudable project of worrying his wife, he cannot have a more able coadjutor than a mother in law of the dowager's calibre: do you think he can, Mowbray?—ha! ha! ha! And I don't know how it is, poor dear Fanny, who used to make all sorts of fun out of her pompous brother-in-law, and his lugubrious dam, is quite changed of late. There is no fun now left at all in her; they say she had a love affair last year, that all went wrong, and that she's never been right since; but I don't believe it, for she looks as pretty as ever; and young ladies in love ought, according to the most approved rules, always to look ill and miserable. And then poor Lady De Clifford, too—they say *she* is perfectly wretched; but I don't believe *that either*, for she *looks* so happy, and always seems the gayest person in a room. But there is no understanding women, they have such a confounded way of concealing their

feelings. I recollect hearing that when the report came that I was killed at Waterloo, Mrs. Nonplus was at a ball, and they say she heard the *heart-rending* intelligence with as much composure as if her carriage had been announced. Wonderful, isn't it? Now, 'pon my soul, that's true—can hardly believe it, can you? But Mrs. Nonplus is a woman of an uncommon strong mind!"

Mowbray laughed outright, and then exclaimed in a mock heroic tone—

> "Brutus, unmoved, heard how his Portia fell—
> Had Jack's wife died, he'd have behaved as well."

"Ah, Brutus—yes, I understand—Roman virtue, and all that sort of thing. But Mrs. N. *is* quite Roman, I assure you—Roman nose—very fond of Roman punch, and mends broken china with Roman cement, which shows she has it in her, you know; but, Lord bless me! this hermitage is quite sympathetic, for while I am growing warm about my wife, it is becoming equally so. Better ring for another bottle, my dear fellow."

The rosy god at length subdued the major into silence, and with the assistance of two waiters, he was conveyed up stairs to bed, hiccupping out peremptory orders to be called in time to accompany his friends to Ferney in the morning.

"I wish to Heaven," said Saville, throwing up the window, and drawing his chair to it as soon as the major had been removed, "I wish to Heaven I were like you, Mowbray!"

"A propos de quoi, mon cher?"

"Why, *à propos* to your being like the man Prometheus made, and having no relations, at least none that have the power of advising, tormenting, and preventing you on all occasions."

"And so I am to be envied," said Mowbray, laughing, "for being 'lord of myself, that heritage of woe.' I can assure you that independent isolation is by no means the happy state you be-fathered and be-uncled young gentlemen may imagine it. I often wish that I had a miserly father, a fidgety mother, or even an old

maiden aunt, who doled me out her money à la Shylock, taking at least a pound of flesh for every one of gold, and mortgaging my time and patience by her *exigence* every hour in the day, provided I had but any human being to care when I went, and when I came. You know how I have slaved to try and fall in love, but in vain—I have had so many rivals in my horses, houses, carriages, and estates, that I have felt jealous of myself, to say nothing of not being particularly addicted to young ladies in such a profound state of moral and intellectual innocence, that the former renders them quite unable to form a preference for one man above another, except through the medium of a rent-roll or the red-book, while the latter leaves them perfectly ignorant of the marked distinction nature has made between turnips and carrots!"

"Yes, but on the other hand, how delightful when one does chance to meet a young lady, Mowbray, who does know the difference between carrots and turnips, and who would venture to explore the perilous sea of marriage, without

either the chart of the red-book, or the compass of a rent-roll—to have an uncle, from whom one 'expects every thing' and hopes nothing, at one side objecting, a father at the other forbidding, and a whole tribe of aunts prophecying and preaching you into an atrophy."

"In short, this being interpreted, means that Mr. Harry Saville, a young gentleman who is to have the reversion of £10,000 a year, is extremely ill used by his relations, in not being unmolestedly allowed to marry Miss Fanny Neville, a young lady with—the reversion of nothing."

"Well, Mowbray, they are at Milan, so pray wait till you see her before you laugh at me; not that I ever expect any sympathy from such an adamantine personage as you, who, beyond a Pigmalion passion for a statue, or a flirtation with a Dominechino, know nothing of 'L'etoffe de la nature que l'imagination à brodée."

"Thank you," said Mowbray, laughing, as he lit his hand-candle, "I shall take your quotation from Voltaire as a hint to go to bed, that

we may be up in time to-morrow to see Ferney before we escape from Geneva and Nonplus."

The next morning a brilliant sun lit the two friends on their way to Ferney. The vexation of spirit occasioned by the roughness of the road, had an adequate "pendant" in the vanity —the egregious, the small, the paltry vanity that meets the visiter in every turn of that far-famed spot. After driving through the very shabby entrance, you find yourself in a small hall, wherein is a large picture, designed by Voltaire himself, and executed by some wretched Swiss Dick Tinto of that era. In the foreground stands the poet brandishing the Henriade, which he is presenting to Apollo, who, nevertheless, appears to look on it with much the same expression with which a parish overseer rejects a petition for an additional eighteen-pence a week. In the background is the Temple of Memory, towards which Fame appears posting with a good substantial pair of wings, at the rate of seven miles an hour. The Muses and Graces (who are evidently incog.),

surround Voltaire, and bear off his bust to the Temple of Memory, while his own thoughts, viz., the heroes and heroines of the Henriade, are standing astonished at his wonderful talents. The authors who wrote against him are falling into the infernal regions; while Envy and her progeny are expiring at his feet; and, in order that nothing may be lost, Calas and his family are also dragged into this modest tableau. Leaving this focus of egotism and vanity, the rest of the house presents in detail these two great elements of its quondam owner; the drawing-room being ornamented with a bust of Voltaire; in his bed-room are portraits of his friends, Frederick the Great of Prussia, Le Kain, Catherine the Second of Russia, Madame de Chastelet—then again comes a portrait of Voltaire, flanked by one of Milton and Sir Isaac Newton. There is also the vase that contained his heart, before its removal to Paris, upon which is an inscription that could not have been more modest had he written it himself:

"Mon esprit est par tout, et mon cœur est ici."

The whole house reminds one of the anecdote of his sending a bunch of violets to Madame de Chastelet, when she expected at least an "aigrette" of diamonds. How the truth of her answer strikes one: "Mon ami laissez ces niaiseries, tu n'étiez pas fait pour être naturel; tu es audessus de çela!" At every turn you are presented with copies of verses in praise of Voltaire, which you may buy for five francs; and the old gardener, who still remembers him, while he presents you with one of the most elaborate of these eulogiums, at the same time informs you that he had the most dreadful temper that ever was, and that they were all terribly afraid of him. Certainly, the French have more sentiment and less feeling than any people in the world;—had Tullia been a French woman, she might equally have driven over the dead body of her father; but then, what an elegy she would have written upon the event! and with what tears would she have read it out to a sympathizing and admiring audience!

Just as they were about to get into the carriage, the aforesaid old gardener inquired if they had seen Voltaire's nightcap.

"Oui, oui," said Mowbray laughing, "j'ai tout vu."

"J'ai vu le soleil et la lune
Qui faisoient des discours en l'air,
J'ai vu le terrible Neptune
Sortir tout frisé de la mer!"

"Diable! mais monsieur a beaucoup vu," said the old man, his hair standing on end as he bowed them into the carriage.

From Ferney they proceeded to Coppet. Poor Madame de Staël! in a fit of monomania she talks of the "moral air of England!" but there really is a moral atmosphere and well-regulated look about Coppet, at least compared to Ferney. At all events it has a "soignée" English appearance, which always gives one a good opinion of the owner of a continental house, when one has been surfeited with dirt, disorder, and the fine arts. After driving through a long, straight, ugly gravel-walk road, the nice old house, with its

four round, quaint-looking towers, grouped like oldfashioned sentry-boxes, appears; the hall is not particulaaly good, but the staircase is broad and handsome;—opposite the hall-door is the library—a nice long room with pillars, and old-fashioned wire bookcases lined with green silk. The windows look out upon a pretty garden, bounded by the lake: at the upper end of the library is a large tapestried bedchamber, formerly occupied by Madame Récamier. At the lower, a door opening into the "salle à manger;" over the chimney-piece in the library is a full length portrait of Neckar, on the right of which is another of Madame Neckar, and on the left one of William Schlegel—it is a heavy, stupid face. There is with all an egaré look about it, just the sort of astonishment his features must have expressed, when he found that he had inspired love in such a woman as Madame de Staël; while the look of thought the painter has endeavoured to *knead* into his face, only makes him appear to be in the act of racking his brains for mistatements for her

"Germany." Upstairs, the rooms are large and good, and accurately clean, with such a decided air of English comfort about them, that one wonders how it ever was got through "*the customs.*" Next to Madame de Staël's bedroom, is the dressing-room she used to write in of a morning; the chair, the table, the ink-stand, just as she left it, the windows looking out upon the lake, and Clarens—beautiful Clarens in the distance!

"Ah, said Saville, sitting down in *the* chair and throwing open the window, "it is evidently *here* that she must have first dreamed 'Corinne.' however she may have realized it in Italy."

"Yes," laughed Mowbray, "and William Schlegel (*vide* the picture) must have been the original of that leaden lover, Lord Nelville."

"Oh, you sacrilegious dog! to speak so profanely of any of the personages mentioned in that rubric of love."

"'Peccavi,'" said Mowbray; "but recollect, that though *you* are no doubt by this time fit for canonization, *I* am not yet even a convert

to the true faith; but as you seem inclined to spend the rest of your life in that chair, dreaming of your Corinne, or perhaps in the hope of becoming inspired, I must leave you, as I want to see the rest of the house."

Saville followed slowly on; in the drawing-room was Gerard's picture of Madame de Staël; the turban and attitude evidently after the manner of Dominechino's Sibyl in the Capitol, but oh! what a difference in the face! though the eyes are certainly remarkably fine, and there is as much beauty in the countenance as expression can give when it plays the rebel, and sets features totally at defiance.

"I *could* have been in love with that woman, too," said Mowbray, in answer to his own thoughts as he looked with folded arms earnestly at the picture. "What splendid eyes! and what exquisitely beautiful arms!—I always admired beautiful arms—one sees them so seldom."

"This could not be said of hers," said

Saville, laughing; "for as tradition hath it, she displayed them on all occasions; and even with posterity she appears determined (forgive the pun) to carry it 'vi et armis,'—but that eternal palm-branch in her hand, I wonder why she should retain that, even in her picture.'"

"Because, in her generation, she yielded the palm to none; and now, Master Harry, you have pun for pun. But what a sweet, gentle, feminine picture that is of the Duchess de Broglie! the word lovely seems made on purpose to be applied to it."

"It is indeed very lovely," said Saville, "and I dare say she was the original of Lucille, there is something very English in the whole contour."

"Now as you love me, Hal, never undertake to praise me, if you laud after that fashion. English-looking! that is an epithet which never can be eulogistic, except as applied to boards, beds, beefsteaks, and bottled porter; but to apply it to the gentler sex;—Harry, Harry, it

is the last, the very last insult which injury should provoke a man to offer to a woman. What think you they keep French abigails for, employ French milliners, adopt French morals, and endure as many privations and abominations in continental tours, as a retreating army in an Egyptian campaign, if it is to be called English-looking at last! 'Go to and mend thy manners.'"

On each side of the mantelpiece were miniatures, into one of which poor Monsieur Rocard had slunk; into the other Monsieur Auguste, with a great deal of French beauty about him (that is to say, "coiffée à la coup de vent,") and that sort of half Agamemnon, half Antinous look, which all the Monsieur Augustes possess—that have ever been, or that ever will be transmitted to posterity, through the medium of ivory or canvas. Out of the drawing-room is a very nice, comfortable billiard-room, with busts round it, and though the house had not been inhabited for some time, it had a peculiarly inhabited look.

"Coppet!" said Mowbray, as they descended the stairs, "thy mistress is no more—then why dost thou seem so cheerful, since thou 'ne'er will look upon her like again?' "

That night the friends slept at Mellerie; to their shame be it confessed, they thought not once of Jean Jaques, or even of his tertian ague Julie, and St. Preux, till the hostess announced that no trout could be got for supper.

"'Comment il n'y à pas de truite! à Mellerie?' " cried Saville, and then slapping his forehead like a despairing lover, exclaimed, "'L'eau est profonde, La Roch est escarpée, et je suis au desespoir, parcequ'il n'y a pas de truite pour le souper! mais comme toutes mes espérances sont de truites pour aujourd'hui, je les aurez pour le déjeûner demain.' "

"I think," said Mowbray, laughing at this rhapsody, and still more at the landlady's astounded face, and Andare's horrified one, at this profane quotation from the Heloise—"I think you had better go to bed, or else you will pun yourself into a fever."

"Or sup full of horrors if I remain," said Saville, as he glanced at the first "entrée," a nondescript-looking bird, very like a roasted gondola ingulfed in a sea of "beurre noir."

CHAPTER III.

A qui cette belle maison et ces vastes
Champs? demandait le roi en baissant,
Le store de la voiture.

A monseigneur le Marquis de Carabas,
Sire, repondit les moissonniers, comme le
Chat bottée leurs avoit commander
De dire. *Histoire Célébre du Chat Bottée.*

I won't describe; description is my forte,
But every fool describes in these bright days
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his quartos, and demands your praise.
Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport;
While Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
Resigns herself with exemplary patience
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations.
LORD BYRON.

EVERY one who has passed the Simplon (and who is there that has not?) knows as well as I can tell them, that, let them turn to which side they will on the sunny margin of that

terrestrial paradise, the Lago Maggiore, and inquire who is the happy owner of some fairy casino, from Isola Madre and Isola Bella, onwards, will be sure to receive the eternal answer that it belongs to the Prince Borromeo, who is most categorically the Marquis de Carabas of "that ilk." How gloriously, how primevally beautiful, is just this one favoured spot! how "flat, stale, and unprofitable," the plains of Lombardy beyond! and how infernal look the red lights, that glare out the way, previous to reaching the ferry at Cesto Calende, where the poor blind fiddler with his songs of "Bella Italia," and "La Placida Campagna," seems Orpheus-like, to move the sticks and stones of the heavily-laden ferry, and make the passage over less miserable than it otherwise would be!

But, in Italy, let no one fear a lack of discomfort; no, no! at every "poste" they will be sure of the eternal dogana, the large, dirty, miserable inn, and the pitched battle between the courier and the maestro della

posta, about the "tariffe:" add to this, the having nothing to eat, while oneself is eaten alive, will always ensure to an Englishman his national privilege of grumbling, which being his greatest luxury, is also, luckily, the only one that is not "contrabandista," and therefore gets through the custom-houses duty free.

The day that Saville and Mowbray reached Milan was one of those bright, balmy, thoroughly Italian days, that make one feel very much as one fancies a chrysalis must feel when it is turning into a butterfly, and expanding into a new and happier existence; but while Mowbray was looking to the right and to the left, as they passed the Corso, and joyfully recognising old acquaintances in every tree, Saville was as eagerly looking into every carriage, and thinking every moment an hour till they alighted at the Albergo Reale. Verily, his toilette was not of the longest, and yet the most fastidious eye could not have detected any deficiency in it, when, half an hour after

their arrival, he might have been seen striding along "à pas de giant," towards the palazzo: but, alas! "the course of true love never did" —nor never will—"run smooth."—To his inquiry of whether Lord De Clifford was at home, the negative reply he received did not send an ice-bolt to his heart; but when the same answer was returned about Lady De Clifford and her sister, and, finally, when he was informed that they were gone to Lodi, were not expected back till dinner-time, and that they all dined that day at the Contessa A.'s, poor Saville looked as if, instead of this simple and very natural piece of intelligence, the porter had informed him that a price was set upon his head, and in an hour from thence it would be separated from his body.

Slowly and languidly he retraced his steps to the hotel; and after throwing open every window in the room, ringing the bell, till he broke it, for his man Gifford, and being extremely angry at hearing he was out, though, on leaving home, he himself had

told him he might go out, as he should not want him till dinner, he resorted to that usual "pis aller" of disappointed lovers,—pacing to and fro, as if in the hope of walking away from himself. He was still pursuing this unselfish but somewhat impracticable journey, when Mowbray returned to dinner.

"What, noble knight of La Mancha!" said the latter, smiling, "has thy Dulcinea persisted in stringing pearls, and turning a deaf ear to thy suit, that thou thus wearest the blanched livery of woe?"

"Pshaw!" muttered Saville, peevishly turning upon his heel. "Really, Mowbray, your persiflage is unbearable; it is always so deucedly ill-timed."

"Not so this 'purée à la bisque,'" said Mowbray, as the soup made its appearance; "for I never was more hungry in my life."

"You're always hungry," retorted Saville: "I thought we were not to dine till seven?"

"And it is now half-past," said Mowbray, holding up his watch.

They sat down to table in silence. It is needless to say that Saville found the soup too salt, and too thin; in short, that every thing that fell to his share was peculiarly and unpardonably bad; and that he more than once expressed his surprise how Mowbray could drink glass after glass of that infernal stuff, which was much more like vinegar and water than white Hermitage. Heaven only knows when his animadversions would have ceased, had not a billet been presented to him by one of the waiters, who added,

"Monsieur le valet de chambre de Madame la Comtesse attend votre reponse."

The note was from Madame de A——, begging Saville and his friend to come to her box at La Scala that evening, where they would meet Lord and Lady De Clifford and Miss Neville; the Comtesse, politely adding, that she longed to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a person as Mr. Mowbray.

Saville, in replying to this simple invitation, had to write four different notes before he

could return a suitable affirmative; for he had put so many "chères" and so much gratitude in the four first, that even he perceived the absurdity of them; and at length, despairing of achieving his task creditably, he pushed the inkstand over to Mowbray, saying, with an imploring voice, "My dear fellow, do just write a proper answer, will you?"

"To what? and to whom?" inquired Mowbray.

"Oh, ah—true; I forgot," said Saville. "Madame de A—— has written to ask us to go to La Scala this evening, and she wants to know you; so do just say as if I said it for you, how 'charmée' you will be 'de faire la connaissance d'une personne aussi charmante, et aussi aimable que Madame de A——,' and that we will obey her summons."

Mowbray took the pen and did as he was desired. No sooner was the note despatched, than as if by the wand of a magician, every thing on the table seemed to be changed from execrable to excellent. Even the wine, before

condemned as vinegar and water, was now pronounced to be far better than was generally to be met with at hotels; and Gifford, in placing a timbal of maccaroni before his master, apologized humbly and fearfully for its not being "au jus," as he assured him he had ordered it.

"Oh, never mind," said the all-accommodating Saville; "I think I like it better 'en timbal.'"

Mowbray burst out laughing. "What are you laughing at?" asked Saville, good-humouredly.

"Why," said Mowbray, "at the Sybarite who, ten minutes ago, was writhing at his crumpled rose-leaf, being, by the few magical words contained in this billet, converted into the stoic, whom it is not in the power of adverse fate to annoy."

The only point upon which Saville now appeared to be at all querulously inclined, was upon Mowbray not evincing equal impatience with himself to be at the opera. At length half-past nine came, and Saville declared it must be near eleven, and he would not wait a

moment longer. When they arrived at La Scala, they found Madame de A——'s box empty; and as neither she nor her party came till full an hour afterwards, they had the satisfaction of seeing (and trying not to hear) "Il Barbiere" cruelly shorn of all its graces; for it was since the reign of La Divina Malibran at Milan, when thin audiences are condemned to fat voiceless Romeos, tame Almavivas, and ungraceful Rosinas.

"I am really very much obliged to you, Saville, for procuring me such a treat," said Mowbray.

"Oh, never mind," returned his companion; "she—I mean they, will be here presently." As he spoke, the door opened, and two of Madame de A.'s servants entered, and snuffing the candles, and arranging the cushions and pillows on the sofa, announced that the Countess and her party were coming. A few minutes after, Madame de A., Lady De Clifford, and her sister, made their appearance. Madame de A. was a middle-sized blonde, rather "embon-

point," and a very pretty woman, at that time of life when a lady never talks of other people's ages, or her own; and never uses the word "passée," either relatively or comparatively. Joined to the most perfect manners, she had that great charm which Italian women so rarely —so very rarely possess—"a most sweet voice." There was, in her manner, a kindness and cordiality, which, when united with perfect good-breeding, enhances the effect of the latter just as much as a warm background throws out and gives a tone to the most finished picture.

Her greetings with Saville over, she gracefully and flatteringly made the acquaintance of his friend, who, on Saville's account, had been narrowly scrutinizing Miss Neville, and few faces could better bear minute investigation. Above the middle size, she had all the dignity of height without its awkwardness; her features were small and beautifully chiseled: her eyes of the darkest hazel; her head and throat were statue-like, and her hair of that rich satiny, nameless brown, like a hazel-nut. There was a playful ex-

pression lurking in her deep eyes, and at the corners of her saucy pouting mouth, which her friends would have called "laughter-loving," and her enemies, satirical; her conversation would have confirmed both friends and enemies in their opinion; and her spirits were so "brilliant and light," that they might have been oppressive to others, if her manner had not been the gentlest, and her voice the softest, that ever was. So that, with all her playfulness, she gave one the idea of a gazelle chained within bounds by eider-down fetters; and her merry laugh, that rang out like a peal of silver bells, did not destroy the illusion. As she shook hands with Saville, Mowbray watched the heightened colour on her cheek, the tears that filled her eyes, and the happy agitation of her manner, and almost envied him his bondage, as much as Saville had envied him his liberty at Geneva; nor was this feeling lessened, when, on Saville's presenting him to Fanny, she intuitively put out her hand to him, and then looked so provokingly beautiful as she stammered out an

apology, about Mr. Saville being such an old friend of hers, that she fancied his friends must also be hers.

"If Miss Neville will but continue to think so," said Mowbray, "much as I have always owed to Saville's friendship, I shall now be more his debtor than ever."

Among Fanny Neville's numerous perfections was that of never giggling herself out of a compliment. So that in the present instance she neither simpered nor blushed; but said playfully to Mowbray,

"Well, then, Mr. Mowbray, you must let me begin our friendship by laying you under an obligation to me,—that of introducing you to my sister. Lady De Clifford, Mr. Mowbray."

"I see," said Mowbray, bowing, "you have maliciously determined that the obligation shall be eternal."

Lady De Clifford was taller than her sister; her beauty was altogether of a different kind: her head, and the manner in which it was placed upon her shoulders, was quite as classical as

Fanny's; but then the contour was more that of Juno than of Psyche. Her features, too, were small, yet perfect; a little—a very little less Greek than her sister's, but more piquant, with a nose that I can only describe by calling it epigrammatic: it could not have belonged to a fool, or even to a dull person. There was something queen-like about her, but then it was her air only; for though dazzling was the word every one felt inclined to apply to her appearance, yet she had quite as much prettiness as beauty; that is, she had all the feminine delicacy and fascination of a merely pretty woman, with all the dignity and splendour of a perfectly beautiful one. In short, prettiness might be said to be the detail of her features, and beauty their effect. Her eyes were "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," and the long dark fringes that shadowed them, gave a Murillo-like softness to her cheek when she looked down; her complexion would have been too brilliant, had it not changed almost as often as the rose clouds in an Italian sky; for it varied as though each

passing thought reflected its shadow upon her face;—her mouth and teeth would have baffled the imagination of a painter, or the description of a poet; and her smile was bright,

> "Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
> When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun."

To the greatest strength of character she united the mildest disposition, and withal was what her sex so rarely are, "though witty, wise." Few women could boast her solid and almost universal information, yet there was nothing of the "précieuse" about her—no attempt at display—no contempt for the ignorance of others; in short, good sense did for her manners what religion did for her character—blent, purified, and harmonized each separate or opposing quality, without the main springs ever ruggedly or obtrusively appearing to taunt others with their lack of them. Mowbray had been so preoccupied with Fanny, that he had not at first remarked Lady De Clifford; but, now that his attention was especially called to her, he felt himself gazing at her almost rudely, for never

before had he seen any thing that he thought so wondrously beautiful; and a minute or two elapsed in taking the chair Madame de A. offered him between Lady De Clifford and herself, before he recollected himself sufficiently to speak to either of them. At length, pitying Fanny and Saville, who by no means appeared to enjoy the dead silence that had ensued, he commenced playing the agreeable (which none could do more successfully) to his two fair companions. He listened to Madame de A., but he was perfectly "entraine" by every thing Lady de Clifford said; every word appeared to him epigrammatic; and yet, had he been asked to instance a single good thing she said, he could not have done it. But certain it is, that some persons have the art of giving to the merest commonplaces an interest and a novelty of expression, that others might despair of imparting to the most original ideas; and this art she possessed in no ordinary degree. It is astonishing how the wish to please ensures success; about the only wish, alas! that does

ensure its own fulfilment, and therefore I marvel that it is not a more universal one. This wish, in the present instance, was Mowbray's, and its success was proportionate to its sincerity: he even suddenly remembered that he had once had a great friendship for a person, whose existence he had for some time most unaccountably forgotten,—a stupid young man, a Mr. Pierpoint, who had been a brother paper-spoiler with him some seven years ago, at the embassy at Vienna, a cousin of Lady De Clifford's. The virtues, talents, and amiable qualities, of this young gentleman, he now began to recapitulate, or rather to manufacture, to his fair cousin.

"Poor George!" said Lady De Clifford, smiling, "I am sure he never had so warm an admirer before. How grateful he ought to be to you, Mr. Mowbray."

Mowbray, who felt conscious that George Pierpoint in reality possessed but the one merit he had just discovered, namely, that of being cousin to Lady De Clifford, felt a slight

sense of the ridiculous, "et pour se tirer d'affaire," thought he had better continue the catalogue of their mutual friends; and therefore mentioned another diplomatic effigy, Mr. Grimstone, a brother of Lord De Clifford's.

Lady De Clifford did more than smile at Mowbray's anecdotes of him; but in the midst of their mirth the door opened, and the Comte de A. and Lord De Clifford entered. There is no need of describing the poor comte; indeed it would be no easy task, as he amounted to what all Italian and French husbands do—a mere cipher. Lord De Clifford was a perpendicular, stately personage, aspiring towards seven feet: he gave one the idea of never even in sleep having been guilty of an easy position: the vulgar term of "he looks as if he had swallowed a poker," was completely exemplified in his appearance. He had straight, stiff, and obstinate (very obstinate) brown hair; very small, light, gray eyes; a nose so aquiline, that if it had appeared on paper, instead of on a human face, would have been pronounced a caricature;

his upper lip was straight, and of that inordinate length which may be taken as the affidavit of the face to the obstinacy of the owner's character. It is, after this, perhaps, unnecessary to add that he always wore a blue coat and gilt buttons of an evening, with a huge and very white stiff cravat, that looked cut out of stone, after the Tam O'Shanter order of sculpture.

Nature seemed to have given him a sort of rag-bag of a mind, made up of the strangest and most incongruous odds and ends possible, with a clumsy kind of arrogance of all-work to arrange it, that was continually adding to its confusion;—his information, such as it was, (though he aimed at the universal), might be compared to the "Penny Cyclopædia" printed upside down; and the curious and gigantic pomposity with which he dealt out the smallest and most commonplace fact, reminded one of an elephant, with mighty effort, bowing out its trunk to pick up a pin's head or a piece of thread. Among his mass of information, geology of course had not been neglected; and

having heard at school, or elsewhere, that, did the world lose but the smallest atom of its gravity, it would be at an end, he always seemed impressed with the idea that he was the important atom on which its existence depended; and also was of opinion that so great a man should be governed by the same principles as the universe, and therefore took care never to lose an atom of his own gravity; for which reason, strange to say, he was never known to catch the infection when others were laughing at him. In politics he was an ultra-Liberal (it gives more scope for declamation); in private life (as in the general pendant to public liberality) he was a tyrannical autocrat, a Caligula in his clemency, and a Draco in his displeasure: whatever appertained to him was always the best and most faultless in the world—all, excepting his wife: she was not of his immediate stock,—merely a graft, which accounted for all her faults; that, among the rest, of his never being able (incessantly as he impressed it on her) to get her to feel and

appreciate her wonderful good fortune in being wedded to him, which was the more extraordinary, as she had left the nursery at her mother's commands to marry him: not but what Lady De Clifford was, in thought, word, and deed, what any other man would have considered perfection for a wife; but then, for such superhuman merits as his, what could be good enough? Still it might have puzzled even him to find a real fault in her; for had she to her other rare qualities added the rarest of all, that of being able to adore him, she could not have anticipated, and prevented, and studied every wish of his, with more scrupulous devotion and delicacy than she did. This his selfishness could not help feeling, though his heart, or his memory, never recollected it, or he could not have subjugated her so completely to the surveillance, interference, and petty tyranny of every member of his family, as he did. But then they were his family, and consequently must know better about every thing, from the dressing of a child to the drowning of a puppy,

than any wife could possibly do. Not that he did not, imbruted as he was, see his wife's superiority—for no one could, when occasion required, make more use of her talents : but then he liked to try and make his family, the world, and especially herself, believe that she was as ignorant and inferior as, according to his opinions, every woman ought to be. After Lord De Clifford had made one of his stiffest bows to Mowbray, and as stiffly shaken Saville by the hand, he inflicted himself upon poor Madame de A., making commonplace observations upon the opera, in bad French and worse Italian, till even she was wearied out of her good-breeding into exclaiming, "Mais, mon Dieu ! milord parlez Anglois, et je tâcherai de vous comprendre." Meanwhile, Mowbray and Lady De Clifford had resumed their conversation, and the name of Grimstone reaching his ear, accompanied by a slight laugh, he turned to his sposa, and inquired, with an angry frown, and a sneering smile that made an awkward attempt to neutralize it,

"Are you speaking of my brother?"

Lady De Clifford crimsoned to her very temples, and in the greatest confusion stammered out, "No—yes—that is, Mr. Mowbray was talking about my giddy cousin, George Pierpoint, and your brother whom he also met at Vienna."

Mowbray was at a loss to conceive what the necessity of this evident embarrassment and equivocation could be, as he had merely been recording Mr. Herbert Grimstone's awful importance whenever a courier was going out, and it was necessary to make up a bag, whether of ladies' letters and commissions, or of circular negatives from the "corps diplomatique" to their English duns; but certain it was she had equivocated in the most undeniable manner; for at the moment, and indeed for some time before, there had been no mention of Pierpoint's name. Then why denounce him to her husband as being *the* subject of their conversation? It was strange—it was passing strange! Could one

so gifted, so amiable as she appeared (and on whose countenance candour itself seemed to have set her seal)- could she be guilty of art, of subterfuge, nay, almost of positive want of truth? It would be impossible to describe the painful revulsion that took place in Mowbray's feelings as he asked himself these questions. "Fool!" said he, as he felt his cheek flushing and his pulse beating quickly, "and what is it to me if she *is* all that's artful, all that's bad? And yet, why, oh! why are we thus to be eternally disappointed in all earthly things? why, when we no sooner find flowers more fair, more fresh, more bright than others, must we at the same time discover that 'the trail of the serpent is over them all?'"

There is no knowing how long he might have moralized within himself, had not his reverie been broken in upon by the silver voice of Lady De Clifford asking him to reach her shawl, as the ballet was over: that voice, so low so soft, so touching, seemed to his heated ima-

gination like that of an angel pronouncing a pitying absolution upon his sin, in having for a moment doubted its divinity. He folded the shawl almost reverentially, and, in placing it on her shoulders, he did it as gently as though one rough movement would have been sacrilege; nor did he venture to offer his arm till he perceived there was no one else left to do so; and then quickly and silently they followed the rest of the party down stairs: he placed his fair charge in the carriage without even saying "good night; nor was he roused to a sense of this omission, till the sonorous pomposity of Lord De Clifford's voice, asking him to accompany Saville to dinner at his house on the following day, enabled him to accept the invitation, and make his adieus at the same time. No sooner was he seated in his own carriage, than Saville turned round, and joyously exclaimed,

"Well, Mowbray, what do you think of her? Did I say too much?"

"Think of her!" said Mowbray: "what can any one think but that she is an angel, as far as outward appearance goes—but—but—"

"But what?" interrupted Saville; "for Heaven's sake, Mowbray, what do you mean?"

Mowbray, ashamed to find that he had not been answering his friend's question, but recurring to Lady De Clifford's evasion, felt heartily ashamed, both of his selfishness and his suspicion, and turned off the disqualifying *but* that had so alarmed poor Saville into—

"But I was going to say, Harry, when you interrupted me, that I think it a pity you should put yourself in the way of so much temptation, unless there is some chance of your father's consent."

"Oh! as to that," said Saville, who was too happy to be critical upon the probabilities of the latter being Mowbray's original—"*but* as to that, you know, by my uncle Cecil's will,

I am to inherit what he left me at seven-and-twenty—that I shall be in two years—and abroad we can do very well on two thousand a year—only the worst of it is, two years is a devil of a time to wait."

Mowbray drank more hock and soda-water that night than would have quenched the thirst of twenty fevers; and Saville declared it was too hot to think of bed those three hours, and therefore talked incessantly of Fanny—Mowbray to all appearance listened most attentively; never once interrupting him, and only nodding assent to every perfection he accused her of. When at length they retired for the night, sleep seemed as far from them as ever. Saville was too happy, and in too much anticipation of happiness, to sleep; and Mowbray had such an innate love of truth, that he kept turning and twisting Lady De Clifford's dereliction from it in every possible and impossible form, till the cathedral clock tolled five; when turning round, and fling-

ing the pillow from him, he lulled himself to sleep with his opera interrogation—"and what is it to me if she *is* all that's artful, and all that's bad?"

CHAPTER IV.

Let no man on his first falling in with the devil, evince towards him a forbearing civility, lest, like unto a maiden's importunate lover, he construe it into a secret yearning himwards. For the devil, like his pupil man, is a vain devil—and it taketh much to disconcert him with himself, or despair him of success:—therefore, at the onset, say thou "Get thee behind me, Satan," lest from encouragement no bigger than a midge's egg, he (like all low knaves courting the acquaintanceship of their superiors) in a short time get too fast hold on thee—for all thy strength to shuffle him off,—and so he end by riding rough-shod over thy soul.

FRANCIS FLOWERDALE.

IT was late the next morning before Mowbray came down to breakfast, and he found that Saville had been gone out some time to the palazzo. His first impulse was to follow him thither; but on reflection, he thought it would

appear obtrusive, and moreover, the great desire he felt to do so convinced him (as he walked up and down the room in a state of wavering deliberation) that it would be better he did not. "No, no," said he, snatching up his hat; "as I am to dine there, that is enough." Yet, thought he, I should like to see if it is possible that she can look as well of a morning as she does at night; and if she does, or does not, what is that to me? Nothing—absolutely nothing! and the short bitter laugh that followed the mental answer he had given to his own thoughts, left Mowbray persuaded that he had bullied himself into a state of most noble and heroic indifference about Lady De Clifford, and indeed every thing else in the world; and clearing the stairs "à trois pas," he walked slowly on towards the cathedral. "By the by," thought he, "I may as well go and pay my old friend San Carlos, of Borromeo, a visit, and see if time has robbed him of any more features." He entered the church, and walked on, till he met a sacristan to conduct him down to the golden

and gorgeous chapel that contains the saint's mortal remains; but on removing the outer case of the crystal coffin, the body appeared just the same as it had done some ten years before, the nose being the only feature that had taken its solitary departure.—"And even the most beautiful will come to this, only much sooner!" said Mowbray aloud in English, and he sighed as he said it: his sigh was more than echoed by one so low, deep, and sepulchral, that he would have almost fancied it had proceeded from the coffin before him, had not the words "è vero—vero," accompanied the sigh, as if in assent to his soliloquy. He turned in every direction to ascertain from whence the sigh and the words had proceeded, but could perceive no one; the sacristan smiled, and shrugging his shoulders, said, "O signor, questa qualca povero diavolo che fa la sua penitenza;" but Mowbray only became more puzzled to imagine how a poor Italian sinner performing his penance could understand English sufficiently to reply to his remark. In ascending

the staircase that led into the body of the church, he looked all about, but could see no one save a stray woman here and there, with her high Spanish-looking comb and long black or white veil, saying her beads, but at too great a distance to have responded to his exclamation at the tomb of San Carlos;—to be sure, there were confessionals in all directions, and the sighs or ejaculations of their tenants might easily have descended through the grating into the chapel. Still it was a strange coincidence, and Mowbray could not help pondering upon it as he walked through the sunny and French-looking streets of Milan. There is something French, too, in the air of the Milanese themselves; and then the "passages, cafés, and restaurants," of every street look so Parisien, as to make one fancy, that after the carnage and desolation of Lodi, Pavia, and Binasco, the French, by way of atonement (and they no doubt would consider it an ample one for any aggression), must have inoculated Milan with Paris.

After Mowbray had sauntered about for an

hour or two with most murderous designs upon time (who, by the by, of all tyrants is the most difficult to assassinate), the thought struck him that every one in all probability would be at the Corso, and why should he not be there too?

Accordingly, inquiring the shortest way to the Albergo Reale, he ordered his horse, and galloped thither with as much velocity as Napoleon may have been supposed to have done, when he went to plant his adventurous cannon at the Bridge of Lodi.

What a happy, gay-looking place, that said Corso is, with its nice English-looking equipages! the horses suited to the carriages, and the carriages to the horses, and the servants to both, without one iota of the shabby and fanciful descrepancies that generally distinguish a continental turn-out!

As Mowbray, who had now slackened his pace, was riding leisurely along, his horse was a little startled by Prince setting off full speed, and barking with delight.

"What is the matter with the dog?" asked Mowbray, turning to the groom.

"He sees Mr. Saville, sir, out yander," was the reply.

"Where?" asked Mowbray.

"By them 'ere trees, sir, at the *fur side*, riding with a lady and gentleman."

Again the flanks of Mowbray's horse had the full benefit of his spurs, and in a few minutes he had joined the party, which proved to be Miss Neville, Lord De Clifford, and Saville.

"Is that your dog, Mr. Mowbray?" asked Fanny: "what a beautiful creature! Julia must see it; she dotes on dogs."

"She has a vast deal too many dogs already," growled Lord De Clifford, "and there is no use in encouraging her propensity for them."

"Lady De Clifford is not here, is she?" inquired Mowbray.

"Yes; I believe she's driving with my mother, at least I desired her to come here; so I conclude that she has," said the noble

lord, drawing up with his most husbandly and authoritative air.

The words "*I desired* her to come here," tingled strangely in Mowbray's ear. "Good heavens!" thought he, "does he play the despot even in such trifles?" A feeling of sickening disgust stole over him, which, strange to say, was accompanied with a determination to insinuate himself as much as possible into Lord De Clifford's good graces, by showing that sort of deferential homage to his pomposity which he seemed to demand from every one. So he contented himself with replying,

"Oh! then of course she *is* here." The "lurking devil" he detected at the corner of Fanny's eye, might have endangered his gravity had he not taken refuge in admiring Lord De Clifford's mare.

"A beautiful creature that of yours," said Mowbray.

"Yes, she is; I had great difficulty in getting her—her dam was out of Austerlitz, the celebrated charger of Maréchal B.; and the sire

to Austerlitz was grandson to Sultan, the Arabian that Napoleon rode at the battle of Marengo."

"Oh! cheval illustre d'un âne peu renommé," said Fanny, in a stage whisper.

"Here is Lady De Clifford," said her amiable husband, as he rode up to the carriage, and addressed the following endearing interrogatory to her:

"Why what the d—l has kept you so late?"

"Julia's Italian master was late, and I did not like to leave her at home, so I waited for her," said Lady De Clifford.

"Lady De Clifford of course knows best, but I thought it a pity," interposed the dowager, who strikingly resembled a withered crab-apple, gifted with a parrot's beak and tongue, "for a walk would have been much better for the child, and we should not have lost the finest part of the day. Pretty dear, hold up your head."

"Oh! but papa," said the child, "I begged of mamma to stay for me, so that it is all my fault."

"You should learn, Julia," replied the affectionate father, "when *I* give an order to obey it."

"Yes, I know that," said the child, hanging down her head; and then brushing away the tears that stood in her eyes, she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and said, "Dear mamma, I'm so sorry I asked you to stay for me, but I will never do so again."

During this little scene, Mowbray had full time to ascertain to his perfect satisfaction that Lady De Clifford, if possible, looked more beautiful of a morning than at night; but he had no sooner arrived at this desirable conclusion, than the current of his thoughts was interrupted by Lord De Clifford's begging to introduce him to his mother. Mowbray bowed, and that was all he could do, for there are persons to whom it is quite impossible to say any thing, and her ladyship was one of them; but pitying what she considered his diffidence, she kindly undertook "de faire les frais"

of the conversation; and so beating down from the opposite seat of the carriage two little Blenheim dogs of her daughter-in-law's, began it by saying she was "*vaustly*" fond of dogs in general.

"I dare say, Mr. Mowbray, you are quite shocked at seeing so many dogs; it quite spoils one's drive, makes the carriage look like a dog omnibus, disarranges one's dress, and destroys one's comfort. Those two Blenheims are horridly snappish; Zoe, the greyhound, is rather more good-humoured, but so frightfully frolicsome, she keeps one's nerves in a continual flutter; it is a thousand pities Lady De Clifford has such a mania for dogs. Look at that creature's tail, how it's going! positively perpetual motion."

When her ladyship had concluded this eloquent piece of alliteration, Mowbray ventured to take Lady De Clifford's part, by confessing his own fondness for dogs. "Indeed," said he, "I have a dog that I am so proud of, that I

should have introduced him to you: but after your philippic against the present company, I dare not."

"Oh! dear," said the amiable lady, "I have no objection to dogs in their proper place; quite the contrary."

I have remarked that this assertion about liking dogs in their proper place, old maids and servant-maids seem to consider as the test of a moral and well-regulated mind.

"Is that your dog?" asked Lady De Clifford, pointing to Prince, who sat panting with his tongue out and his ears up, by the side of his master's horse. "What a dear dog!—do make him put his paws up on the carriage."

"Prince! Prince! come here, sir!" and Prince took Waller's advice to Sacharissa, that is "came forth, and suffered himself to be admired."

"Very fine beast, indeed," said the dowager, patronisingly.

"Oh! zoo nice dog," said Lady de Clifford, kissing its head.

"Oh! you lucky dog," said Mowbray, as he pushed him down.

Lord De Clifford began to lower, and issued a proclamation that, after they had taken another turn, it would be time to go home and dress for dinner. Mowbray and Saville took the hint, and saying "au revoir," galloped away.

When Saville and Mowbray arrived at Lord De Clifford's, they found the Comte and Contessa A., Comte C., a Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, and a young French dandy, a Monsieur de Rivoli, who did not seem to have made up his mind which he should be most vain of, himself or his English; though, of course, had it come to a ballot, he would have given a casting vote for himself, as he *was* French.

"Dinner, directly," said Lord De Clifford, in that loud, ill-bred voice, which gives the last arrival fully to understand how late they are.

"Do you know the Comte C.?" inquired he, turning to Mowbray.

"Yes, I had the pleasure of meeting him in England."

"Ah! how you do, my dear fellow?" said the comte, extending his hand.

"I see," said Mowbray, "you pay us the compliment of keeping up your English."

"Oh! we are all English at Milan: you know we have an Anglo mania," said the comte, who really spoke English remarkably well for an Italian.

"What ver great heat he is to-day," observed Monsieur de Rivoli to Lady De Clifford, with the intention of outshining Comte C.; and then, turning to Fanny, for fear she should be jealous of his devoting himself to her sister, for a Frenchman not only possesses an amiable fear of inflicting pain on the "beau sexe," but imagines himself a sort of Achilles' spear, which can alone heal the wounds it inflicts, said to her,

"But, what has arrive to you, Miss Neville, dat I no see you on de Corso to-day?"

"Rather let me ask you that question," replied Fanny, laughing; "for I was there for two hours."

"But, no! he is not possibel, and I no see you. Ah!" continued he, grasping the side curls of his hair, "it is my bad habitude, 'de rêver, comment dites vous cela?' of de reflection."

There is no knowing how many sad consequences Monsieur de Rivoli might have instanced of the effects of his habit of deep thinking, had not dinner been announced.

Comte C. gave his arm to Lady De Clifford, Saville secured Fanny, and as Mowbray fell to the share of Mrs. Seymour, and Lord De Clifford, "en règle," took out Madame de A., Monsieur de Rivoli was interrupted in the paternal petting he was bestowing upon his mustaches, to find that the Fates had decreed for him their likeness, the dowager Lady De Clifford; and he had only time "mentally to exclaim," as the heroes and heroines of the Minerva press have it, "Ah! la pauvre petite

Fanni, c'est fâcheux par exemple ce contre-tems!" ere he felt the dowager's skinny arm closely linked in his.

At dinner, Mowbray found himself next to Lady De Clifford; and he fancied, as the light shone full on her face, that her eyes looked red, as if she had been crying.

"I fear you are not well?" said he, in a low voice, which appeared more anxious than the occasion required.

"I am quite well," said she, smiling; "only a slight headach from the heat."

"Saville," said Lord De Clifford, "try that Johannesberg; it is some my brother sent me. I think," continued he to Mowbray, "you knew my brother at Vienna?"

"Yes," said the latter, "we had many merry days there together."

Lord De Clifford looked surprised—as surprised at his coupling the word merry with his brother's name, as if he had asserted that he had passed many merry days at the *Morgue*.

"I remember," recommenced Mowbray,

"that he was always in a great state of mind, whenever—"

"Mr. Mowbray," said Lady De Clifford, interrupting him with such "empressement" as showed that she evidently wished to deter him from saying whatever he was going to say about her brother-in-law,—"Mr. Mowbray, do you know that Madame A. is going to give a 'bal costumée,' and all the dresses are to be from the different epochs of Italian history; and we are to have all the Italian painters and poets, so that we have been studying Sismondi for the last week; and I think of going as Johanna, Queen of Naples, dressed after the picture of her; and I want Fanny to go as Laura, and Mr. Saville must make the best Petrarch he can." As she finished this rapid recital, she laughed almost hysterically.

Mowbray was so lost in thought, that he scarcely heard any thing but her last words, and was a minute or two before he could make any reply. Good heavens! thought he, that eternal man! what can her objection be to his

name being mentioned at least to her husband? I would give any thing on earth to fathom this mystery; and yet what is it to me? This question recalled him to the necessity of making some answer to what Lady De Clifford had been saying, and repeating with a mechanical and abstracted air,

"Johanna, Queen of Naples! and is Lord De Clifford going as Prince Andrew?" and, as he asked this, Mowbray sent his quick penetrating eyes into her very soul. She appeared offended at the question, and colouring slightly, said rather haughtily,

"It is not necessary to keep the unities at a fancy ball, and as most women have no characters at all, I do not feel bound, 'faute de mieux,' to take upon me Johanna's, although *I* am inclined to believe Petrarch and Boccaccio —especially the latter—that it was a very excellent one."

How awkward the sense of having wounded the feelings of another, makes one! It is the conviction of how contemptible we must appear

in their eyes, that prevents us readily placing ourselves in a better light. Mowbray would have given the world to have unsaid what he had said, or to have atoned for it; but he felt both equally impossible. In this embarrassment, some street music began playing the Duke de Reichstadt's waltz. Lady De Clifford, feeling for his confusion, turned to him with one of her most open and sunny smiles, and said,

"I am so fond of that waltz! Is it not pretty?"

"Pretty!" said Mowbray, thinking of and looking at her; "it is beautiful—perfectly beautiful—it is angelic!"

"Come," said she, laughing, "you are determined not to offend me, by not agreeing with me, or sufficiently admiring what I admire."

Mowbray was now plunged into fresh confusion at the idea of how absurd and exaggerated his answer must have appeared to her, and never felt more grateful in his life than

when Monsieur de Rivoli brought the eyes and attention of every one upon him, by exclaiming aloud, "Ah, le pauvre Duc de Reichstadt!" and then launching out into a hyperbolical eulogium on his father. The fact is, the little man could make nothing of her dowagership, and thought himself completely lost in being "accroché" to her, and therefore determined that the rest of the party should no longer be losers by her monopoly of what she did not appear to benefit by, namely, his delightful conversation; and as a Frenchman is never at a loss for a great man to associate himself with, he instantly put himself "*en scène*" with Napoleon.

"Yes," said Lord De Clifford, with as great emphasis as if it had been the first time the discovery and the assertion had been made,—"Yes, he certainly was a great—a very great man."

"I cannot conceive," said Mrs. Seymour, "how Marie Louise, after having been united to such a man, could have a lover, and that too before his death, and while he was in exile."

"Ah, bah, bah!" exclaimed Monsieur de Rivoli: "Croyez vous madame que parce qu'une femme a épousé un grand homme qu'elle doit perdre son temps!"

At the conclusion of the universal laugh that followed this noble defence of the ex-empress, Lady De Clifford rose to go into the drawing-room; and as she passed her husband, Mowbray saw his eyes glare sternly and angrily upon his wife; nor was his surprise diminished when he heard him say to her, "I think, madam, it is not very decorous of my wife to laugh at such indelicate jests."

"Good heavens!" thought Mowbray, "how can she keep her temper with such a tyrannical brute!" He looked at her with a feeling of compassion that was quite painful; but the only expression he saw on her countenance, was one of mingled wounded pride and endurance—there was no resentment, open or suppressed.

When Monsieur De Rivoli had "débarrasséed" himself of the dowager, by depositing her in a "bergère," and when he had passed half an

hour "en faisant l'aimable" to Madame de A., and telling her how she ought to manage her "bal costume," he began tumbling over all the books on the table, and took up an English edition of the "Sorrows of Werter."

"Ah, ha! my old friend Verter," said he, and slapping his forehead, continued—"je me souviens du temps quand je ne faisais la moindre démarche sans mes pistolets dans une poche et Verter dans l'autre. Mais ce printemps de la vie, cet été de l'âme sont passés, la sagesse a mis fin au bonneur comme elle fait toujours!"

"It is," said Lord de Clifford pompously, "a masterpiece, like every thing Goëte ever wrote!" and he looked round for admiration and gratitude for having enlightened his audience; but suppressed laughter was all that greeted him, and Saville, goodnaturedly wishing to take the sins of the whole party on his own shoulders, ventured boldly on a hearty laugh, and a stout dissent from his lordship's oracular opinion.

"Why, as to that," said he "it certainly has

the merit of originality, and the good fortune to be in no danger of ever being copied; it might fairly be entitled 'Goëte's Fornerina.' It is a regular bread and butter epic—the unities are all kept in bread and butter—the weapons of love and destruction are still bread and butter—his friendship—his philanthropy, is all carried on through the medium of these mighty implements. To wit," continued Saville, opening the book: "in writing to his friend, he says, 'but not to keep you in suspense, I will detail what happened as I eat my bread and butter!'—Again, at page 18, describing the peasant's children, and informing his friend of his overflowing benevolence in giving each of them a 'cruetzer' every Sunday, he gives a still further instance of his generosity, by adding, 'and at night they partake of my bread and butter!' Now, considering how fondly and faithfully he appears to have been attached to bread and butter, this was indeed true generosity. Again, who, is there that does not remember the pathetic and beautiful description of the first interview with Charlotte,

at page 21 ? This contains more, and most bread and butter of all. 'For,' says he, 'she had a brown loaf in her hand, and was cutting slices of bread and butter, which she distributed in a graceful and affectionate manner to the children, according to their age and appetite.'— And, finally, in the last fatal scene that closes all, after he had kissed the pistols which Charlotte had dusted, we are told that he only drank one glass of wine (though he had ordered a pint), and ate one slice of bread and butter, ere he committed the rash act! Is not this, my friends, a true epic? and ought it not to be called the "Bread and Buttersey?"

Every one laughed much at Saville's harangue, except Lord De Clifford, who, drawing himself up pompously, said, "Ridicule is not argument."

"Fanny, love," said poor Lady De Clifford, seeing that a storm was brewing upon her sposo's brow, "do sing something."

"I have no voice to-night," said Fanny, "and really cannot."

"Do, dearest!" whispered Saville, imploringly.

"Ah, mademoiselle, je vous en prie pour me plaire," said Monsieur de Rivoli, with his hands up.

"Pour vous plaire," said Fanny, laughing: "Je férais des impossibilités—si c'était possible —mais—"

"Vraiment," said Madame de A., "vous ressemblez beaucoup au Comte d'Erfeuil qui disait à Corinne, Belle Corinne parlez Français; vous en êtes vraiment digne."

"Eh bien oui," said the Frenchman, not choosing to stand in the ridiculous position Madame de A.'s application had placed him: "Cela veut dire que Mademoiselle Neville ressemble à Corinne."

"For my part," said the dowager, sotto voce, "I do not think any singing worth so much asking for."

"Very just observation, my dear madam," said her son, "I am quite of your opinion;" and then added, "Come, Fanny, cannot you go and sing at once without all this fuss?"

"I do not choose to sing to-night," said Fanny, shortly.

"Well," said her sister, going good-humouredly to the piano, as she saw something must be done, to keep off the impending storm on her husband's brow; "I will be revenged upon you, for I'll sing a song that somebody wrote a short time ago. Mr. Saville, have the goodness to reach me that little book of manuscript music."

"Julia! Julia! pray!" said Fanny, stretching out her hand for the book: but her sister had played the prelude, and Saville held the book fast, while Lady De Clifford sang the following

SONG.

As light o'er the waters breaking,
So my spirit's gladden'd by thee;
Thou art my dream, and when waking,
Life is but one long thought of thee.

What is joy but to be near thee?
And grief but to know thee away?
And music—oh! 'tis to hear thee,
For my heart is the lute thou dost play.

Like Æol's harp, when forsaken
By the breeze to which its soul clings,
No other spell can awaken
The sound of its desolate strings:

So no other voice, love, but thine,
From my heart soft echoes e'er stole;
Its tones, like deep passion-flowers, twine
Around ev'ry thought of my soul.

Oh! love, must thy buds ever fade,
Unless they be water'd with tears?
Is thine immortality made
Alone by thy sighs and thy fears?

If so, then in poison still steep
The arrows girded about thee:
With thee it is dearer to weep,
Than to be happy without thee!

"And did Fanny write that?" said Saville, in a low voice to her sister, when she had ceased singing.

Lady De Clifford nodded assent.

"Don't believe her," said Fanny, blushing, as she snatched the book away from Saville.

"What a divine voice!" thought Mowbray; "and how lovely she looks when she is singing! It gives one the idea of the spirit of music

having hid itself in the ambush of a rose, and sending out every note perfumed by its leaves."

That night Mowbray resolved he would leave Milan the next day; and well for him would it have been if he had kept to that resolution; but, for a month after, he was a daily visiter at the palazzo. It is true, it was at the especial invitation of its master—oh! the sophistry of the human heart, when it tries, but in vain, to deceive itself! Then comes the alchymy of false reasoning, that turns its blackest dross to that seeming gold, which ends in its own destruction, when we find that we have wasted life, hope, salvation, on a dream—a wild, a troubled, an infatuated dream. Mowbray would not own, even to himself, that he loved Lady De Clifford; for he thought that would be almost as much an infringement upon her purity, as though he had dared to tell her so. Fool! is not the heart its own author? and cannot it read its own meaning, whatever be the misprints we try to put upon it? There was a

new existence for him: for the first time he lived in the present; the past he could not think of, the future he would not—all nature was changed—the air had a balm, the sky a brightness, and the commonest occurrence an interest, which, for him, they had never had before; for she breathed that air,—she saw that sky,—and each little incident that occurred to him related more or less to her; and if at times he saw more plainly than at others the precipice on which he stood, he would hoodwink himself with the reflection that she would never be injured; therefore, what matter how he suffered? Besides, he asked, wished, dreamt no greater happiness, than to see, to hear her; and, as long as she never knew the happiness her presence gave him, where could the harm be? No human being knew it, or ever should know it; and surely it was not because she was all that was beautiful, all that was good, that she was to be the only person whom he was not to feel a friendship for.—

"False philosophy, and vain reasoning, all!" —Let that man beware how he forms a friendship for a married woman, whose first feeling towards her is admiration, and his next compassion!

CHAPTER V.

J'avais près de vingt ans, mon père voulait me marier; et c'est ici que toute la fatalité de mon sort va se déployer.
CORINNE.

WHEN Lady De Clifford was little more than seventeen, her father happened to win £1000 on the St. Leger, from Lord De Clifford; and though he had no great liking for the man, he had a certain respect for his fortune; as he justly considered that the father of three daughters, however beautiful they were, ought not to be fastidious about the agreeability or amiability of any man who had a rent-roll of £8000 a year. Accordingly, before he left Doncaster, he gave him a pressing invitation to come and see him when he returned to town in the ensuing spring.

Mr. Neville was an old aboriginal Whig, who persevered in a spencer, a liveried groom, and top-boots, to the last; and lived quite as much in *the* window at Brooks's as he did at his house in Berkeley-square, where a profuse but shabby expenditure (which constitute the true whig ménage), year after year, involved him more deeply; but of this he thought little, as long as his house was the focus of agreeability. But your true whig of the old stock, who has drank with Sheridan, debated with Fox, and written sonnets to the Duchess of Devonshire, is somewhat sceptical as to the agreeability, talents, patriotism, or beauty of any other class, clique, or coterie in the world, and therefore pertinaciously adheres to the L.'s, R.'s, S.'s., H.'s, and M.'s, as the only people worth listening to, or looking at in the world: thus following the Egyptian fashion of honouring the mummy, when the man is no more. Mr. Neville's house was an epitome of himself: the faded carpets, the shabby chintz curtains, the small glasses, the gilt-wood be-balled and be-

chained candelabras—the small faded buff ottomans, with their black glazed calico à la grecque borders—the narrow dim grates, with their still dimmer fire-irons and fenders; the small pillory-looking white and gilt arm-chairs; the Procrustes bed of sofa's; the unpowdered and drab-coated servants, with their nankeen small-clothes, expensive silk stockings, and ill-made shoes; the buff waistcoated, and pepper and salt trousered butler; the red-curtained dining-room, with its red-morocco chairs and its dark unpolished tables,—all looked just as they had done some five-and-thirty years before, when Pitt taxed and Napoleon fought. In private as well as in political life, he invariably had recourse to the grand whig principle of expediency and half measures. His cook was a bad man and an habitual drunkard, but an incomparable cook; so he kept him on, compromising the matter by giving him a "carte blanche," for drinking *after* dinner. He was the most bland and kindest husband and father in the world, as far as *words* went, and left nothing

undone to promote the happiness of his wife or his children, except putting himself out of the way; consequently, whenever the former asked him for money, his invariable answer was, "My dear love, I really don't know where to turn for a hundred pounds in the world just now; but pray get whatever you want at Howells and Maradan's, and they can send me in the bills at Christmas; and for Heaven's sake, mind that you and the girls don't deprive yourselves of any thing." In like manner he allowed his sons to draw upon him; so no wonder that the credit side of his banker's book always presented an alarming aspect, and that poor Mr. Neville was truly an embarrassed man! It was one day coming out of Hammersley's, in no very happy frame of mind, that he again met Lord De Clifford; he asked him if he would dine with him, and go to the play with Mrs. Neville and the girls, in the evening. The invitation was accepted, and at dinner he appeared much struck with the beauty of Julia Neville. Her mother perceived it, and, though

her original intention had been that she should not come out for two years—(Whigesses always make their "début" later than other girls),—she now changed her plan, and determined that Julia should go to Almack's on the following Wednesday, with which determination she took care, carelessly, to acquaint Lord De Clifford in the course of the evening; and accordingly, on the following Wednesday, precisely (for every thing he did was precise) at half-past eleven, his stiff figure was hitched in the doorway, ready to pounce upon poor Julia, whom he condescended to ask to dance; and after stalking through a quadrille with her, he deposited her again with her mother. Surely, thought Julia, a galloppe or mazurka must be quite beyond such a cast-iron-looking personage! She was right, and therefore, for the rest of the evening, enjoyed herself; but as he took care to inform Mrs. Neville, how very much he disapproved of both the last-mentioned dances, it was the last time she ever allowed her daughter to dance them.

It is needless to detail the persecution of entreaties, tears, and persuasion (the hardest persecution of all to resist from those we love), poor Julia underwent; till at length, weary and broken-hearted, she gave herself up at the altar as the victim of Lord De Clifford. Young as she was, she had more character and strength of mind, than most women of double her age; and, therefore, prudently and amiably determined to study every whim of her strange and unloveable husband, in the vain hope of conciliating and changing him in time; for she did not yet know the nature she had to deal with. On their marriage, they went down to a place of his in Yorkshire; and Julia's first and most severe blow was perceiving that her "stern lord" added to his other follies that common error of all fools—namely, considering scepticism as the shortest and surest road to philosophy;—but with an overwrought and culpable delicacy, which only her extreme youth and the abundant generosity of her nature could excuse, not daring to advise, she thought

that by submitting to his opinions, and never obtruding her own, she might in time gain an influence over him; for which reason, fearing that remarks might be made in her favour to his prejudice, she seldom or ever went to the village church, as he chose totally to absent himself from it. Luckily for her, the false delicacy of this conduct was utterly lost upon him, and he soon began tauntingly to upbraid her with want of piety, adding with a hoarse grunting sound that he intended for a laugh, "Religion was made on purpose for women and children."

Her next trial was to find, that instead of receiving any sort of attention from Lord De Clifford's family, which as a bride at least she might have anticipated, she, on the contrary, was enjoined by her husband to bow down to them in all things. One day he would issue an order that she should not say this, nor do that, as his brother did not approve of it; another time she was forbidden to wear a particular cap or colour, as his mother did not like it. All this

she bore with miraculous temper and sweetness, still trying by every means in her power to please her unpleasable spouse and his family, to whom *he* seemed to consider her equally wedded and bound. Lord De Clifford had a favourite horse, towards whom, like many more of his compatriots, he evinced much more tenderness and attention than towards his wife. One day, after they had been married about three months, Julia went and fed the animal herself, thinking it would please her husband; and then going into the library, where he was sitting, surrounded by "learned lumber," which he was in vain trying to get into his head, said,

"Oh, George, I have been feeding Selim, and he looked so handsome, and rubbed his head against me!"

"Lady De Clifford," said he, frowning, and laying down the book he was reading, "I beg you will leave off calling me those familiar names. I permitted it at first in the nonsense of the honeymoon, as it is vulgarly called, but upon reflection, I am convinced that they do

away with that solemnity of respect which a wife ought to evince towards a husband; and as for feeding Selim, I must say that I think it is very undignified for *my* wife to be going into stables and places, among grooms and helpers, and must beg that it does not happen again."

Poor Julia could not believe that even he was in earnest in forbidding her to call him "George;" and, thinking this must be his début at a jest, actually burst out laughing: but she was soon undeceived; for Lord De Clifford, flinging down the book he held, and clenching his hand at her, said, with his eyes kindling, like lava burnt white, "By G—d, if you dare laugh at me, madam, I will fell you to the earth!"

She left the room; a violent flood of tears relieved her, as she knelt down, and cast her burden upon Him who alone could bear it for her, and she met her tyrant at dinner without one word or look of reproach. At length she became a mother, a circumstance which but added to her miseries; for even the nursery

was not exempted from the laws and regulations of Lord De Clifford; moreover, if ever she passed an hour together with her child, he was sure to send for her, saying, when she appeared,

"There is nothing now thought of but that child, while your duty towards me is totally neglected, madam. I desire you may not fool away all your time in that d—d nursery."

Then, his mother was to be courted and consulted upon all occasions, not from affection, but because she was rich, and had much in her power; but though humbly solicited, she declined being godmother to the child, averring, that she never liked taking any sort of responsibility upon herself, and that whatever she might do hereafter, must entirely depend upon circumstances; nor could she, for six years, be induced to take the slightest notice of her daughter-in-law, though she condescended to interfere in the most minute of her domestic arrangements through the medium of her son, and by incessant fault-finding, keep her in due

subordination; as she wisely concluded (falling into the common error of judging others by herself), that Lady De Clifford could not be possessed of so much beauty and so many accomplishments, without being proportionately arrogant and self-sufficient, and therefore requiring a counterpoise; for which reason, she generously established herself as that counterpoise, and a most disagreeable and effectual one she was. Julia had been married about eight years, the two last of which had been spent on the continent, whither they had been led; for in her husband's ear

"Some demon whispered—'Visto, have a taste.'"

"Virtu" was therefore his present mania, and his wife was thankful that any thing took him from tormenting her, and still more so, that he had allowed her sister to come abroad with her; an indulgence he might not have granted, had he not deemed that, by so doing, he should extend his empire to a slave the more. It was at this juncture that Mowbray came to Milan; he soon discovered Lord De Clifford's foible of

wishing to appear a man of science, letters, taste, and universal information; and therefore, adopting the plan of the witty and clever Lady M., with regard to her dolt of a lord, who had never in his life been guilty of thinking a good thing, much less of saying one; when Lord De Clifford had been particularly ponderous, used always to preface some brilliant or wise remark at dinner with, "I think it was you, Lord De Clifford, who told me this morning such and such a thing;" or, "I think it was you, that so justly observed so and so;" or, "as you very wittily remarked while ago;" by which scheme, he so completely ingratiated himself with his pompous tool, that he issued a standing order to his wife, to be particularly civil to Mr. Mowbray, as he was a young man of infinite judgment and discernment. From this commenced a new epoch in Lady De Clifford's life: though time and experience had annihilated the hope of ever softening her husband towards her, it had not subdued her habit

of endurance. Many and bitter were the tears that this outward restraint cost her; but from the time of her acquaintance with Mowbray, it cost her less to bear the unkindness of her husband, for, in fact, she dwelt on it less; a void seemed filled, she knew not how, in her heart; she never felt the tears gush to her eyes, as formerly, when she looked at the happy faces of Fanny or Saville, or heard their little tender speeches to each other. She liked Mowbray—nay, she longed for his appearance of a day; but she set all this down to the score of gratitude—he was so kind, so gentle, so attentive to her; he remembered her most trifling wishes, nay, more, he anticipated them: how good, how condescending this was of one who was the "enfant gâté" of London! Poor Lady De Clifford! a woman may be so brutalized and subdued by ill-treatment from the one who should be the last in the world to be guilty of such inhumanity towards her, as to become grateful for the civility of a sweep,

in moving out of her way in the street; and at this pass had Julia arrived;—for one of her servants could not in the routine of their business put a chair out of her way, but what she felt indebted to them as though they had conferred an obligation upon her. How much more then did she feel the incessant, the delicate, the devoted attention of a man like Mowbray, whose tones were gentle in speaking to any woman, but when addressing her, became perfect music? Once, and only once, she asked herself if she did not like him too much; but she blushed crimson at the thought, and seemed to think the prudery of her imagination had insulted the purity of her heart by her question. Thus poor Lady De Clifford was hastening to the same precipice as Mowbray, though by a very different channel; for while, taking innocence for her guide, she was led into danger from the ignorance of her steersman of the invisible shoals and quicksands that abound in the

perilous sea of passion, he was steering headlong to destruction, with knowledge of the world for his chart, false hope for his rudder, and his own wayward and ungoverned heart for a compass.

CHAPTER VI.

Child.—Hey diddle, diddle,

The cat and the fiddle—

Mother.—Thee ought not to say that, Mary; for, Hey diddle, diddle, has no meaning.

Child.—The cat and the fiddle,

The cow jump'd over the moon—

Mother.—Stop! thee may say the cat and the fiddle, if thee pleases; but do not say the cow jumped over the moon—say the cow jumped under the moon: for thee should know that a cow cannot jump over the moon, though it may jump under the moon.

Child.—The little dog laugh'd to see the sport.

Mother.—What, Mary!—a dog laugh!—Thee should not say so; for thee knows a dog cannot laugh: thee might say the little dog barked, if thee pleases.

Child.—While the dish ran after the spoon.

Mother.—Mary! Mary! how can a dish run? Does thee not know that a dish has no legs to run with? Thee should have said, the dish and the spoon.

Utilitarian Philosophy for Nurseries and Noodles.

One morning as Lord De Clifford was preparing to sally out to meet an Armenian, from

whom he was to purchase some pseudo Etruscan manuscripts, a single hieroglyphic of which he could not decipher, his little girl was sitting playing with her doll, and lecturing Zoe for her mercurial propensities, as, one after another, she purloined first the doll's shoe, and then its necklace, and decamped to the other end of the room to play with them; and little Julia, having often felt the beneficial effects of moral poetry upon herself, began repeating to Zoe the ancient, though somewhat prejudiced and illiberal, madrigal of

"Taffy was a Welshman, and Taffy was a thief;"

when her stately sire interrupted her with, "Julia, you are much too old to have your head crammed with all those ignorant vulgarities; and, with a little application, you would find it quite as easy to learn something useful. For instance, Taffi was not a Welshman, but an Italian poet, born at Genoa, in the year—"

"Oh! yes, I know all that, papa," said the little girl, interrupting in her turn; "at least,

he was an Italian painter, born at Florence, in 1213; and he and Cimabue brought the taste for Mosaic into Italy. Mrs. Mangnall's question-book has that in it; but the Italian's name is spelt T-a-f-f-i; and, indeed, papa, my Taffy was a Welshman, and he really did steal a bone of beef, as I was going to tell Zoe, and his name is spelt with a y; and I don't believe he was any relation at all to Taffi the Italian, though I don't know what time my Taffy was born; as Mrs. Mangnall's book don't say, which I am surprised at."

"Lady De Clifford," cried her enraged husband, "that child has become insufferably pert and forward, and you had better check it in time, or take the consequences, madam."

So saying, he left the room, slamming the door violently after him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Fanny, who had been drawing at the other end of the room. "La pruova du'n opera seria!"

"Hush! hush, Fanny, for heaven's sake!

he will hear you," said her sister; "besides, you should not, before Julia."

"Ma foi!" said Fanny, throwing herself back in her chair, and wiping the tears from her eyes, which she had fairly laughed into them: "Ce qui fait le malheur des uns, fait le bonheur des autres, c'etait impayable. Come here, darling," continued she to little Julia, and taking the child's head in both her hands, said, kissing her forehead "con amore" —"Ju, you were a very naughty girl to interrupt your papa so, just now, when he was *instructing* you, and so, to punish you, I'm going to send you of a message. Go up stairs, and tell Luton to send me down that box of pencils I got from England the other day; and then go and ask Mademoiselle D'Antoville, if she will have the goodness to lend me that print she has of Atala."

"Ah! but that's no punishment at all," said the child; "for I like doing any thing for you, aunt Fanny," and away she ran.

"Now, I hope you perceive, my dear Julia," said the incorrigible Fanny, bursting into a fresh fit of laughter, "the error you have been guilty of in allowing Ju to learn her A B C too fast. However, what is done cannot be helped; but I hope, for the future, you will manage better. Let me see—she is now seven; so if we can but contrive to make her forget the best part of what she has learned, and prevent her knowing more at fourteen than she ought to know now, she may then have the happiness of becoming a suitable companion for her father; and who knows but that, in time, she may even retrograde to a level with his extraordinary mind?"

"Ah! Fanny! Fanny!" said her sister, shaking her head, "it is no laughing matter."

"No, indeed, I don't think it is," said Fanny; "but, as Lord Byron says,

> 'Strange though it seem, yet with extremest grief
> Is link'd a mirth that doth not bring relief!'

And I can only say, as poor Mademoiselle

D'Antoville said to me the other day — (and here Fanny put her hands into the pockets of her apron, bent her head forward, and her brows into a thoughtful frown, and changed her voice and face so completely into that of Mademoiselle D'Antoville, that even Lady De Clifford's gravity gave way, as she repeated)—I can only say, as Mademoiselle D'Antoville said to me the other day. 'Milord à tant de science! tant de profondeur! que quand il débite sur le châpitre de l'éducation; jamais, jamais je ne puis lui comprendre!'"

"Poor Mademoiselle D'Antoville," said Lady De Clifford; "I do not half like her as an instructress, now Julia is growing older; there is too much of the old novel style of French governess about her. She seems too thoroughly imbued with what may be termed the apocalypse of the old regime in France—namely, 'Qu'on peut tout dire et tout faire, pourvu qu'on le fait et le dit poliment;' and my fear is, that in time she may convert, or rather pervert, Julia to the same creed."

"Exactly so," said Fanny; "but you know it is not every one that is Œdipus enough to discover that 'Milord à tant de science et tant de profondeur, &c. &c. &c. — et quand il-y'a des sots à triple étage.'—There must be flatterers to clamber up to the heights of their folly; and you may depend upon it, that my illustrious brother-in-law finds too many charms in the conversation of Mademoiselle D'Antoville (who can alone appreciate his wonderful talents!) to part with her for your sake, or Julia's either; except, indeed, that in time he may find an equivalent in Mr. Mowbray, who seems to have borrowed D'Antoville's powers of listening, and all her craft, and more than all her talent, in conveying to him an idea of his own great and paramount superiority in all things. However, 'blessed be—be the peacemakers,' say I, and I'm sure we have all led a much happier life for the last two months, since Mr. Mowbray has kindly taken upon himself the arduous office of inflating the balloon of Lord de Clifford's vanity; and I feel so grateful to him, that I have serious thoughts of working him a waistcoat, as a slight tribute

of esteem and respect—as the corporations have it, when they give dinners and snuff-boxes to ministers and patriots out of place!"

Lady De Clifford had got as far as "Fie, fie, Fanny!" in a lecture to her laughter-loving sister, when the door opened, and Mowbray and Saville were announced.

"We were just talking about you, Mr. Mowbray," said Fanny.

"About me!" said Mowbray, glancing quickly at Lady De Clifford's blushing and confused face: "and how came I to be so honoured?"

"I was wondering," replied Fanny, "whether there were any prizes for patience at Harrow; and, if so, how many you gained in a week."

"You speak in riddles, my fair sibyl," said Mowbray; "pray expound them."

"All in good time," laughed Fanny; "I will bring you my books when they are ready—that is, if you will promise to purchase them 'coute qu'il coute,' at the first offer."

"I promise," said Mowbray, lifting up his hand with mock solemnity, and then turning to

Lady De Clifford, added, "perhaps you will tell me what Miss Neville means?"

"That would be difficult," said Lady De Clifford, smiling, "for I do not believe she knows herself."

At this moment little Julia returned, and seeing Mowbray, ran up to him. "Oh! Mr. Mowbray," said she, "I am *so* glad to see you! How is Prince? and where is he? I have got a story to read to him; for do you know, the other day, when I was at dinner, he came in, and I went into the next room for something I had forgotten, and I left Prince, telling him to be sure and not eat up *all* my dinner, and he promised, as plain as a dog could promise with his big brown, honest looking eyes, that he would not; but though I was only gone two minutes, when I came back all my beccaficas were gone, and he had just got his paw in the maccaroni! and now I'll get the story I am going to read him."

At any other time Lady De Clifford would have begged of Julia to postpone the perusal of it, till Prince was there to hear it; but as Fanny and Saville were now engaged in a low tête-à-

tête at the other end of the room, she was glad of any circumstance that would prevent her and Mowbray being reduced to the same alternative, especially as he stood leaning on the mantelpiece, in one of those fits of abstraction that had so often taken possession of him lately, when all around appeared lost to him, while his eyes seemed as if they had been given to him for no other purpose than to rivet them upon her.

"Well, get the book, Cara," said her mother with one of those April smiles, that only are called in to struggle with a tear, "and let us see how you mean to reform Prince's morals."

The little girl took a small case of books off the table, and seating herself at her mother's feet, said, "Now, mamma, you need not listen so much, but *you*, Mr. Mowbray, must be *very* attentive, because it is for the good of *your* dog. The story is called,

'LE CHIEN DE LIVERPOOL.'

"'Un fermier de Liverpool, avait un chien plein de courage, d'intelligence, et d'autre belles qualités, mais qui avait un défaut que rien ne peut excuser: même dans les chiens: il man-

quait de probité.' Now, do you understand what that means, Mr. Mowbray?" continued she, pushing him with her little foot, "do you hear me? 'le chien du fermier manquait de probité;' do you understand?"

"Yes," said Mowbray, biting his lip, and withdrawing his eyes from Lady de Clifford; "It means that he was not fit to be trusted—what a miserable dog he must have been!" and then, as if all security consisted in sounds, he cried out at the top of his voice across the room, "Saville, do you recollect whether it was to-morrow or Wednesday that De Clifford fixed upon for going to Como? for *that* was what I came here with you to find out."

Oh? human nature, where begin and where end thy wayward mysteries? Lady De Clifford, who a moment before would have given any thing that Mowbray had not come that morning, now felt that sharp pain dart through her heart, which wounded pride and sudden disappointment coming together invariably occasion. "Surely," thought she, "he need not take such pains to announce that his *only* motive in coming here was to ascertain Lord

De Clifford's will and pleasure!—It is, to say the least of it, unkind,—I mean, rude; nay, almost impertinent of him!"

"Really," said Saville, in reply to Mowbray's question, "I don't know, but I think it was to-morrow the party was to take place." And again turning to Fanny, he dropped his voice into the low, whispering tone, from which his friend's interrogatory had roused it.

"Do you know?" inquired Mowbray of Lady De Clifford, feeling that it was necessary to say something, and not knowing very well what to say.

"I really do not," said she, coldly, "as this is the first time I have heard of the arrangement; but as it is to be a duo, I suppose Lord De Clifford will let you know in time; at present he is out for the day, I believe."

"A duo!" said Mowbray, looking as seriously alarmed, as if he had been in quarantine, and a black spot had suddenly appeared on his arm. "Good Heavens! No; you—I mean, I thought—I understood—that we were all going—"

"Oh! perhaps so," replied Lady De Clif-

ford, "but I have heard nothing about it; however," continued she, looking across the court, "there is Lord De Clifford going up the steps to Julia's school-room. Fanny, as you are near the window, just tell Dorio, who I see standing in the yard, to tell his master that Mr. Mowbray wants to speak to him."

"Pray do not trouble yourself, Miss Neville," said Mowbray, springing forward, "any other time will do as well."

But Fanny, whose head was already out of the window, giving her sister's message to Dorio, did not hear him. An awkward pause now ensued, at least it would have been such to Mowbray, if he had not suddenly discovered that Tiney's nose was very hot, and declared that the dog could not be well.

"Poor Ti.," said he, kissing her head, and stroking her long silken ears, "I'm sure she is ill. I wish, Lady De Clifford, you would let me have her for a week: I have a groom who is a famous dog-doctor; he shall prescribe for her, and I'll administer all the medicines myself; and, above all, I'll promise to love and to pet her as much as you do."

"Oh! *that* would be impossible," said she, laughing.

"Besides," chimed in Julia, "Prince might eat her up at a mouthful, as he did my beccaficas; and I'm sure Zoe teases her quite enough as it is, poor dog!"

Lord de Clifford not making his appearance, and no message having been returned to the one sent, Lady De Clifford now rang to inquire the reason of it; the servant in waiting was despatched to Dorio, and returned with the answer that Lord De Clifford was not yet come home.

"Not come home! that is impossible. Send Dorio here." Dorio came and made the same reply: the whole party looked at each other with unfeigned astonishment, and asked almost simultaneously, "Who then was it that went up the opposite steps a quarter of an hour ago, when you stood by the lion at the foot of them?"

"C'était l'homme d'affaire de Mademoiselle d'Antoville," replied the immovable Dorio, twitching the ring in his right ear. "That fellow," said Saville, as he shut the door,

"must have been for a long time primo buffo at the San Carlino, to tell a lie with such consummate genius, and such inimitable composure."

The carriage was now announced, and the two friends were obliged, "malgré eux," to take their departure. Mowbray, however, contrived to make himself happy, by carrying off Tiney, and a bunch of violets that Lady De Clifford had dropped, and Saville whispered in Fanny's ear, "Am I to dine here to-day, dearest?" "Why, as that is a matter of business," said she, laughing, "you must ask 'l'homme d'affaire de Mademoiselle d'Antoville!'"

CHAPTER VII.

"You have a head, and so has a pin."

NURSERY COMPLIMENT.

We glide o'er these gentle waters
As through aether skims the dove;
Yet fairest of beauty's daughters,
I may not breathe my love;
But while the happy breezes play,
And kiss, and whisper, round thee,
Dearest, ah! will they not betray
The mysteries they have found thee?
For their wild breath is but my sighs,
Which are but fond thoughts of thee,
That escape to gain the skies,
Where they may aye immortal be!

M. S.

"L'aria e la terre a l'acqua son d'amor piene."

PETRACHA.

LORD DE CLIFFORD, who, among his other talents, had a wonderful turn for petty economy, had been for the last six weeks *deeply absorbed*

in Professor Autenrieth's plan for making bread out of deal boards; he had actually go t as far as the sawdust, and procured a quantity of marsh-mallow roots. Such *abstruse* and *scientific* labours required relaxation; and Mademoiselle D'Antoville, who had not found the least difficulty in persuading him, that he distanced Sir Humphry Davy in science, Tycho Brae in astronomical lore, and Bayle in general knowledge, found it equally easy to convince him that the exercise of such a monoply of talents might be fatal, if unrelieved by the "otium cum dignitate" that should accompany them; consequently the excursion to Como was proposed by her, as one of a series to take place for that purpose. Saville drove Fanny in his phaeton, the Seymours (who were of the party), goodnaturedly gave Monsieur de Rivoli a seat in their carriage, while Lady De Clifford's was occupied by herself, her sposo, Mowbray, and Mademoiselle D'Antoville, who devoted herself to *appreciating* Lord De Clifford. They had not got above half way, before mademoiselle began to purse up her mouth, close her drab-coloured eyes, and incline her head faintingly towards his shoulder,

at which Lady De Clifford offered her "vinaigrette," intending to request she would change places with her, as she feared that sitting with her back to the horses, might have occasioned her indisposition; but before she had time to utter one word, her husband seized her extended hand, and dragging her rudely from her seat, placed his grammatical inamorata in it, exclaiming, "Do you not see she is ill from sitting backwards."

"I was just going to offer Mademoiselle D'Antoville my seat," said poor Lady De Clifford, trying to suppress the tears that had come into her eyes.

"Oh, you are always going," sneered her amiable lord.

Mowbray, who could hardly contain his indignation at this scene, caught himself mechanically changing his place to the one beside her, which her husband had vacated to watch over Mademoiselle D'Antoville; and, throwing a shawl over her, he pressed her hand in both of his, as he said—"Good heavens! I hope you won't suffer from sitting here; the wind is so much more keen than at the other side."

Julia's face crimsoned as she withdrew her

hand—her heart was too full for utterance; but Mowbray thought he had never, for the greatest service he had conferred on another, been so amply repaid, as when her eyes for one moment met his, as she drew the shawl he had given more closely about her. Meanwhile mademoiselle, after labouring for a few minutes like a steam-engine, thought fit to open her eyes, and raising her head from Lord De Clifford's shoulder, where it had *unconsciously* rested, murmured, or rather shrieked in a 'Théâtre François' tone,

"Ah, ç'est toi ?" to which he responded, with undeniable truth and brevity—"Oui, ç'est moi !"—The fair sufferer's next thought was for her dress, and, carefully arranging her shawl and bonnet, which had not been in the least deranged during her *feint*, she exclaimed, "Ah, mon Dieu! comme je me suis abimé !" Then suddenly recollecting, that although she was Lord De Clifford's Aspasia, she was also his wife's governess, she turned to the latter to apologize for having turned her out of her place, and to beg she would retake it.

"Oh, d—n it! she'll do very well where she is," said her kind and affectionate spouse,

before she had time to decline mademoiselle's proffered politeness.

When they reached the little inn at Como, they found the rest of the party had arrived before them, and had ordered the boats and luncheon—to which latter they were doing full justice—all, except poor Monsieur de Rivoli, who was warring with the mosquitos, and trying to make the same bargain with them that Polyphemus did with Ulysses—namely, that they would devour him the last. At length, even his "occupation was gone," and they all descended to embark upon certainly the most lovely lake in the world. Oh, the deep beauty of its silent waters, glassing on their diamond surface the fair and gem-like beauties of its sunlit margins! The wind had gone down—not a breath seemed to kiss the leaves or dimple the tide, which lay like a sleeping child beneath; it was one of those hushed and balmy days, that give a luxury to the happy by shedding over them a melancholy that is purely imaginative—that melancholy which gives a poetry to every feeling, because it springs from no harsh *reality;* while, to the miserable, such days seem as if

Nature had returned, like a long-absent friend, to soothe and atone to them for the unkindness of fate. The light-hearted and prosperous can never worship Nature with the incence of the heart—*gratitude;* for to them, the softest air, the brightest skies, the sweetest flowers, are but so many minor adjuncts in the gorgeous pageant of their destiny; but to the crushed heart, the burning brain, the warped and withered mind, the moral Cain who has been the fratericide of his own welfare, every look, and breath, and tone of *hers,* comes like a good Simaritan—healing what others smote, fostering what others deserted, rescuing what others endangered—e'en the wayward and erring spirit of man, and at length leading it "through nature up to nature's God." Alas! alas! why is it that so many of us must be rejected of earth, ere we can think of heaven? Why is it that religion is so often only resorted to as an elixer for worldly disappointments? why is it that we follow the example of the heathen Agrippa, who, when Augustus refused to accept of the dedication of the Pantheon, then, and not till then, consecrated it to all the gods of Olympus?

What a pantheon is the human heart! rejected by one, only to be filled with innumerable still vainer idols, and at last, perhaps, in its best stage, mistaking the gorgeous and poetical pomps, the Catholicism of the passions, for the pure and undefiled Christianity of the soul! But the reason of this mistake is clear—"They will tarry by the road-side, hearing tales of the fountain, instead of repairing straight to the fountain itself, there to drink of its waters." If even the metaphysics of Aristotle are so mystified—if the peripatetic doctrines are so perverted through their commentators (including Cicero, the cleverest of them), how much more must Christianity have suffered from the same source? inasmuch as it being of a divine, and consequently of more simple origin, it is more easily perverted through human and complex means; and the most dangerous perversions of all are the perversions of those natures which have an innate craving after right; for then begins the self-deluding sophistry which tries to germ a wrong act with a good motive. At this state had Mowbray arrived: he had repeated to himself

so often that it was only common humanity to pay Lady De Clifford every possible attention, neglected and ill-treated by her husband as she was, that, instead of trying, as he had at first done, to check his feelings of compassion towards her, he made a point of yielding to, and encouraging them on all occasions; and after the scene in the carriage, he thought it incumbent upon him to take as much care of her as possible for the rest of the day: indeed, she had fallen to his share; Fanny and Saville having of course paired off; and Monsieur de Rivoli determining, what little time he could spare from smoothing the rugged path of his mustachios, and humming snatches of "Sulmargine," "La Suisse au bord du lac," "O Pescator," the "Biondina," and other appropriate tunes, as they call "Non nobis Domini," when it is played at a Lord Mayor's feast—to devote himself to eradicating from Mrs. Seymour's mind certain ignorant prejudices, which her speech about Marie Louise gave him reason to fear she entertained.

Mr. Seymour, like a true Englishman, had fastened upon Count C., and had dragged him

back to Boodles and the House of Commons; while Lord De Clifford, after having first placed one of his wife's shawls under Mademoiselle D'Antoville's feet, was explaining to her (preparatory to their landing) all about Pliny the elder and Pliny the younger; while she, though expressing wonder and gratitude for his information, was in reality wishing that, like the former, he had perished in the destruction of Pompeii, and then he could not have prosed her to death as he was doing.

Little Julia had been left at home with her grandmother, who for once had had the mercy not to inflict her company on them.

"Permettez?" said Monsieur de Rivoli, as they landed, offering his arm to Mrs. Seymour, who proposed that they should go over the grounds before they went into the villa.

"Car je ne voi pas," added she, laughingly pointing to her husband's tall figure, as he lingered in the boat, with one of the poor count's buttons still in his custody, which stood a fair chance of being Schedule A'd. "Je ne voi pas pourquoi je devoit perdre mon temp parceque j'ai épousée un grand homme!"

"Ah! dat is ver true; I'm glad you have come to my fancy at last," said her companion, pressing her arm, and gently smoothing his off whisker. "'Mais voyez donc,'" continued he, looking at Lord De Clifford and his charge, as they entered the house. "'Comme ce grand bête De Clifford est entrainée par cette loup garou de D'Antoville qui n'est pas même française, car elle naquit à Berne je le sçai moi.'"

"It is really extraordinary," said Mrs. Seymour, "and Lady De Clifford so very handsome."

"'C'est vrai, mais; c'est sa femme!'" said Monsieur de Rivoli, with a "probatum est" shrug; for there *was* a Madame de Rivoli extant, though seldom heard of, and never seen.

Mrs. Seymour laughed, and they strolled on under the colonnade, by the margin of the lake, her "ciceroni" thinking how lucky *she* was that, every one having gone in a different direction, they were left to a "tête-à-tête."

"I wonder if I could get a glass of water?" said Lady De Clifford, after she and Mowbray had walked on for some time, in one of those awkward fits of silence, which both wished, yet

dreaded to break, and which had occurred so frequently of late.

"Certainly," said Mowbray, "and the very best water in the world; for the spring is as cold, and as clear, as when its quondam owner first wrote its panegyric some eighteen hundred years ago—but I fear you will find the ascent of those old, narrow, broken steps very steep and fatiguing."

"Not in the least," said Julia, "for in this country one is so used to difficulties, that I think one could climb a rope-ladder to the moon."

"Then pray, lean on me," said Mowbray, giving his arm, which he had not offered before; and then another pause ensued, till they had reached the end of those almost interminable steps, and stood beside the bright, cold, diamond spring, where an old woman filled a glass from it, and presented it to Lady De Clifford. She drank half of it, and gave back the glass to the crone; she was on the point of throwing the remainder of the water away, in order to refill the glass for Mowbray, who, perceiving her intention, snatched it, and drank off the con-

tents, which having done, he paid the woman, and told her she might go. Then came another pause, which he felt ought to be broken; luckily he recollected the curiosity he had often felt to ascertain the cause of Julia's evident embarrassment, whenever he had mentioned Herbert Grimstone's name, and her constant endeavours to avoid the subject; he thought, now that no third person was present, it would be good opportunity of ascertaining whether his dislike was connected solely with her husband's presence, or whether it arose from any mere personal aversion of her own; and having heard Lord De Clifford say that he expected him shortly at Milan, he thought the best way of broaching the subject would be to ask her when he was coming.

"Do you not expect Grimstone here shortly?" inquired he, fixing his eyes on her as he spoke.

"Yes, in a few days; and now you mention him," continued Lady De Clifford, blushing deeply at her own weakness, in wishing to vindicate herself to Mowbray, "I have a request—that is, I mean you must have thought it very strange, that whenever you have men-

tioned him before Lord De Clifford, I have changed the subject; but the reason was, that you have always coupled his name with a sort of laugh against him, and—and—"

"And," interrupted Mowbray, more vehemently than good-breeding warranted, "*you* are so fond of your fortunate and *meritorious* brother-in-law, that you cannot bear to hear him laughed at?"

"Far from it—I, of all people, have no reason to be fond of him; but Lord De Clifford is always angry—that is, annoyed, if any one laughs at him, and therefore I try to prevent it."

"What goodness! what delicacy! what angelic sweetness! what undeserved amiability on your part!" said Mowbray, thrown off his guard, and hurried by admiration of a character he began to think faultless, into an expression of feelings he had never meant to give utterance to.

"Indeed," said Julia, crimsoning to her temples, while her eyes filled with tears at what she felt to be "praise undeserved," "it is not goodness—it is not amiability—it is not what *you* think it, and what it ought to be—a wish solely

to please my *husband*; but it is that he would be angry with *me*—that he has *forbidden* me ever to join in any jest against his brother."

If Mowbray had before admired her for her supposed high-wrought goodness, he now still more admired the unflinching integrity which made her humble herself into disclaiming all free will in a right line of conduct, rather than for a moment purchase admiration by the base coin of deceit and hypocrisy; but the words, "my husband," grated disagreeably on his ear: she had never before used them—they sounded like a knell to warn him off his perilous and unhallowed course. Hitherto every thing she had affixed the word "*My*" before he had loved for her sake: the tempter had now turned traitor, and stood forth to warn and to denounce. It might have done both in vain, so strong was his impulse, as he looked at Julia's pale and agitated face, to fling himself at her feet, and there pour out all the burning, maddening feelings that were battling at his heart; but the reflection, or rather the conviction, that by so doing he would seal his own eternal banishment, restrained him.

So true is it what Madame de Staël says, that "perhaps it is what we shall do to-morrow that will decide our fate; perhaps even yesterday we said some word that nothing can recall!"

Mowbray *felt* this, though there were too many conflicts struggling within him to *think* it: but as far as the passions are concerned, is not *feeling* always the stenography of *thought*? He therefore determined to say nothing of her, but replied with as disembarrassed an air as he could assume,

"Then I am sure his overweening fraternal affection is but ill requited, for I have heard Grimstone not only laugh at, but abuse him in no measured terms."

"I don't know that it is so much affection as pride," said Julia, "that makes Lord De Clifford not allow a word to be said against his brother, as they certainly cannot be said to be fond of each other: indeed, brought up as they have been, it is impossible they should. Left at an early age to the sole guidance of a not overwise mother, with much wealth in her power, her constant endeavour has been not to gain

their affection and respect from principle and merit on her own part, but to secure their *attention*, and enforce their submission, from the sordid and selfish motive of anticipated gain. Consequently, when the elder offends her, she invariably doubles her show of kindness and promises to the younger; so that the well-being of the one is unavoidably made a source of discontent and fear to the other; and as this terrible system was begun in childhood, when every little gift or indulgence that was granted to the reigning favourite, was sealed with a stipulation that it was to be a profound secret from the less fortunate brother, it is no wonder that those three essential ingredients in every relationship of life—frankness, confidence, and sincerity, should be wanting between them. Indeed, on the part of Herbert, I think his union with his brother is solely a political one: he wants in himself that singleness of motive and firmness of purpose, which invests even erroneous principles and bad measures, with an artificial respectability—the respectability of consistency. Consequently, whatever point he steers for, having no intrinsic

resources, he will always be obliged to be towed to it by the exertions of another, which will be the sole motive of his adherence to any one."

"You seem to know him well, at all events," replied Mowbray; "for within the last ten years, I have seen him an Ultra-tory, next an 'in medio tutissimus ibus' Whig, and now he is a pioneering 'hic et ubique' Radical. However to do him justice, he is the most *promising* young man of his age, for his promises and professions are boundless; but if you only wanted him to walk across the street, he would fail you. These sort of professors are in the moral world what Bahr-bella-ma, the waterless sea of the Libyan desert, is in the geological one, which has all the *appearance* of a large ocean, without containing a single drop of water;—they want nothing but *reality* to satisfy one."

"You are severe upon him."

"Nay, for severe, read true; I know of nothing to his credit, and therefore can say nothing."

"You forget his *debts*," said Julia, smiling.

"True," replied Mowbray; "in which point

I resemble him, for no one appears so completely forgetful of them as himself. But a truce to the puppy, for it is time to think of a far nobler animal—Tiney, whom I am happy to tell you, passed a good night, eat a good breakfast, and has got a nose as cold as the North Pole."

"Thank you, Doctor Mowbray; then I suppose she may return to her disconsolate parent to-morrow."

"Not so—a relapse might be fatal, and I cannot part with her yet."

"How I wish," said Julia, stooping to pluck a water-lily that grew inside the spring by which they still lingered, "that I had sent some of those large, lotus-like Rhine water-lilies to England!"

"Would that all your wishes could come so easily within the sphere of my power!" said Mowbray. "An old German friend of mine, Madame de Heidleberg, sent me some three years ago, which are now flourishing at Hilton, and I will order some to be sent down to Grimstone, the next time I write to England." He then repeated in a low voice,

"I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such.
For I *will* cherish them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine."

Julia blushed; but determining from the pointed manner in which these words were uttered, *not* to take them to herself, said "How beautiful the whole of that canto of Childe Harold is!" and then went on reciting the next stanza.

"The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me more dear."

Here she paused, recollecting the concluding lines.

"Pray go on," said Mowbray, rivetting his eyes upon her.

"I forget the rest," stammered Julia.

Her companion took up the "refrain," as she turned away to hide her confusion.

> "Could *thy* dear eyes in following mine,
> Still sweeten more these banks—"

"Not of Rhine!" murmured he in a low voice, almost imperceptibly pressing the arm linked in his, which was hastily withdrawn under the pretext of gathering some of the wild verbena, which grows in such profusion on that enchanted ground.

"I wonder," said Julia, "where they can have all gone to? We had better go and look for them; and, indeed, I am tired, so we will go into the house." They descended as they had ascended the steps, in perfect silence. On reaching the house, they found the whole party, except Lord De Clifford and Mademoiselle D'Antoville, assembled in the large barn-like saloon, making themselves very merry at the expense of the daubs of pictures that decorate its walls. Monsieur de Rivoli was engaged in copying one of them (Diana and Endymion) on the back of his hat, and bestowing the physiognomy of the absentee pair upon them; so that the goddess appeared in her infernal

character of Hecate, while the profile of the sleeping shepherd made no bad imitation of the crescent on the brow of his innamorata; the moonbeam kiss he had managed to portray by a knitting-needle emanating from the hay-coloured hair of the D'Antoville Diana, and terminating in the mouth of Endymion. Fanny, who was enchanted with the likenesses, begged to have the original, of which she promised to make some faithful copies.

"Let me see," said Julia, putting out her hand for the paper.

"No, no," said Fanny, "you are not to be trusted. There," continued she, placing it in her bosom:

> " 'Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
> Lonely and lost to sight for ever more;
> Save when some laugh to mine responsive swells,
> Then trembles into silence as before.' "

"Look here," said Mrs. Seymour, taking an old mandolin from the window-seat, "I have found a treasure. I wonder if any one can play upon it. Can you?—or you?—or you?—or you?" holding it to every one, till she came to Count C., who, confessing that he

did play upon it "a little," was instantly besieged for a song. When he had succeeded in tuning the crazy old instrument, he good-humouredly sang Aurelio Bertola's

"Gli occhi azzurri e gli occhi neri."

"Bene! bene!" echoed from every side.

And Saville repeated the last four lines, as he looked into Fanny's bright, laughing, hazel eyes,—

"Il primato in questi o in quelli
Non disdende dal colore;
Ma quegli occhi son più belle
Che rispondono più al core."

Lord De Clifford and Mademoiselle D'Antoville now made their appearance in a most deplorable condition; the latter drenched to her waist, her drapery clinging like a second Andromeda about her, and her hair dishevelled according to the most orthodox standard of heroic misfortune. His lordship appeared to have been an equal sufferer, being almost as wet, and minus a hat; so that he had been fain to twist a shawl of mademoiselle's round his head, "à la Turc," which gave him a com-

pound look of fun and ferocity that was irresistible to every one but Lady De Clifford, who dared not join in the laugh that accompanied the queries addressed to the disconsolate pair, as to the how, when, and where, of their misfortunes. Mademoiselle D'Antoville (for a French woman, however "pâle et défait," is never speechless) undertook to enlighten them.

"Nous, nous promenons, milord et moi on de bord of de rivere, just talk of la petite Julie, when, all at once, j'ai faite un faux pas, ("Sans doute," muttered Monsieur de Rivoli; "et je parie que ce n'est pas le premier"), and I am tumble into de vatere, and but for le courage of milord, I was sure I am to be drowned!"

"Well," said Saville, who always stepped forward as risible mediator for the whole party, "the only difference between you and me is the difference that Daniel De Foe said existed between James the First and Charles the First; namely, that yours was a *wet* martyrdom, and mine has been a *dry* one; for I have been dying of thirst these two hours."

Every one was now at liberty to laugh—even Julia—which was a great relief to her.

"Did you tumble—(she chose the word as the most undignified she could think of)—did you tumble into the water, too, then?" asked Fanny, as she walked round her mildewed brother-in-law, with her glass up, minutely examining the damage he had sustained by "flood and field."

"No, Miss Neville, I did not tumble into the water; gentlemen never tumble."

"They sometimes fall, then," interrupted Fanny, "like statues from their pedestals, or thunderbolts from the clouds."

"I merely stretched out my hand to rescue Mademoiselle D'Antoville, who had had the misfortune to slip from the margin; and in rescuing her, I lost my hat, and got dreadfully splashed."

"Dreadfully indeed," said Fanny, "for it has a strong family likeness to an immersion and a tumble."

"You will oblige me, Miss Neville, by not using that vulgar word, coupled with any circumstance relating to me."

Fanny was about to reply, when an imploring look from her sister checked her. The old woman was then invoked, who procured a quantity of straw, sticks, and fern, and as soon as the inhospitable old chimney could be coaxed into letting them burn, mademoiselle and her "preux chevalier" contrived to dry their weeping garments; after which, a long discussion ensued between Monsieur de Rivoli and Lord De Clifford, as to whether it was likely to rain or not: the former maintaining the wind was in the north, therefore it could not rain—the latter protesting that it was in the south, and consequently that it must rain; appealing to Mowbray as umpire, who jesuitically answered in the words of Pliny: "'In totum venti omnes a septentrione sicciores quam a meridie.'"*

"Ah, yes, var true," said Monsieur de Rivoli; "but you must first prove dat de wind he is in de sout; now I say he is in de nort. What you say, Ma'mselle D'Antoville? you dat know every ting," added he ironically.

"Sans doute je suis de votre avis," retorted

* Lib. 2d, cap. 47.

the lady bitterly; "car je ne dispute pas les vents, avec un *girouette*."

Lord De Clifford indulged in a horselaugh at mademoiselle's wit, and the discomfiture of his antagonist. The boats were then ordered, and the party returned in the same order they came. On reaching Milan, they found the amiable dowager not in the most agreeable humour, at having been kept waiting dinner; her hair was more frizzed over her eyes than usual, and she surrounded every one with a perfect "chevaux de frize" of vulgar ceremonies, two invariable signs that all was not right. She met them on the landing-place, and after having cried, "à haute voix," "Now, dinner directly!" said in a voice more of anger than anxiety, "Dear me! what could have *kep* you, eh, my dear?" taking her son's hand, and totally disregarding every body else. "It was vastly imprudent of you staying so late; I have been quite frightened about you, and *these here* stupid Italian people could not give any account of you."

Fanny, who delighted in drawing her out, and used to take her off to her face without her

ladyship's being a bit the wiser, now stepped forward, and said, "Oh, all sorts of disasters have *kep* us: first Mademoiselle D'Antoville fainted 'en route,' next she fell into the water; Lord De Clifford had to get her out."

"Bless me! you surely did not go into the water, my dear, I hope?" said his tender mother, again taking his hand.

"Oh, no," replied Fanny, "he stood on 'terra firma,' only stretching out his hand to rescue mademoiselle."

"Hem! vastly good of you, I'm sure, my dear, and does great credit to your head and *hort*;" and then turning to the heroine of the tale, she extended a hand to her, anxiously expressing a hope that she had not suffered from her accident, and assuring her that there was nobody that Lord De Clifford had a greater respect and regard for.

Now all this was said before Julia, and this amiable and judicious mother was perfectly aware of the species of regard her son entertained for mademoiselle, but she pretended not to be so, and that did just as well; besides, thanks to a most gorgon cast of countenance,

she had always preserved an immaculate character for personal propriety; and therefore who dare impugn her morality? And just now she was in want of her son's services, in adjusting rather an oblique transaction between herself and one of her tenants; the justice of the case hanging on the farmer's side. Therefore she would not for the world displease him to whom she was alternately tyrant and slave, as their relative positions might require; and this it was that made the moral ophthalmia necessary, which she now thought fit to assume as to the D'Antoville business.

She even carried her dreadful hypocrisy to such a pitch, that she would frequently say to Julia, "You see, Lady De Clifford, that though George is not one of those sort of fondling, kissing fathers, he is so properly anxious about the little *gurl* (for she seldom adopted the familiarity of calling her Julia), that he passes a great deal of his time with Mademoiselle D'Antoville, to see that the method she pursues is the right one."

Upon all which occasions, resentment, con-

tempt, and disgust, had a hard struggle in poor Lady De Clifford's mind, but against the fearful odds of a whole family, and such a family, what could she do? What she did do; bear it till her heart was near breaking. While the dowager was still busy, condoling with and complimenting Mademoiselle D'Antoville, Julia, who unremittingly pursued the "noiseless tenour of her way," stole up stairs, and told Dorio to put his master's things to the fire. Finding he did not follow, she went down in a quarter of an hour to tell him that he had better change his things. She found him closeted "tête-à-tête" with his mother in the ante-room. The latter instantly rose on her entrance, and coming forward with one of her apologetic speeches and vulpine smiles, said,

"I was talking to George, Lady De Clifford, about *this here* disagreeable business of the Rushworth farm, and old Jenkins's impertinent letter; you see I treat you quite *eng fomille*," detaining George.

Julia merely bowed in reply to this elegant harangue, and turning to her husband, said,

"I am afraid you will get cold, remaining in those damp clothes—and all your others are ready aired up stairs."

A sneer and a frown were the only reply of her tender and well-bred lord. Then commenced his mother's entreaties :

"Now, do, my dear, pray do—change your things ! it is so dangerous to sit in damp clothes ; besides, it is not gallant towards the ladies to dine in these." Neither the maternal tenderness, nor the facetious politeness of these entreaties, produced any other result than a—

"D—n it ! don't tease me, ma'am—I'm tired, and my clothes are *not* damp."

In order to drown these gracious sounds, she turned to Julia with another low smile, and hoped that she would excuse the *great* anxiety of a mother for her son's health ; — which anxiety, however, had never manifested itself during the debate upon Jenkins and the Rushworth farm ; or indeed till poor Julia had come to tell him his things were at the fire ; but with some fortunate individuals, *words*, like civility, cost nothing, and purchase every thing.

The rest of the party having dressed, and assembled in the drawing-room, dinner was announced, the privileged master of the house taking his seat in his soiled and crumpled morning dress, without either comment or apology to any of his guests.

CHAPTER VIII.

Man proposes, but God disposes.
Man can *pack* the cards that cannot play them.

Ut sementem feceris ita metes.

OLD PROVERB.

LORD DE CLIFFORD'S mother had been an heiress, of remarkably plain person, forbidding manners, and irascible temper, who had "withered on the virgin thorne" till six-and-twenty, when she thought it would be a pity to "die and leave the world no copy," and so condescended to bestow her hand upon Colonel Grimstone, who, after having ran himself completely out by divers excesses, made up his mind, at the end of five years, to the "pis aller"

of taking her for better for worse; and found her, as the Irishman said, much worse than he took her for; for, between her and the broad lands, which had been his bait, stood her father, who was so unaccommodating as not to die till twelve years after their marriage, so that the poor colonel, who only survived that event six years, quitted the world without his errand, as some hinted, from the daily dose of this ungilded pill.

He was a frank, open, careless, profligate, and somewhat tyrannical man; but then, conjugal tyranny had been a sort of heir-loom in his family for eight hundred years; so that "Tyrus," an aboriginal family name, had, in the course of years, been corrupted into the popular currency of "Tyrant;" a title that every male branch of the Grimstones rather gloried in than otherwise, it being among the very few of their well-merited honours. The colonel, who also rejoiced in it, only suited the action to the word at home, for abroad he was the very pink of good fellows, a sort of whipper-in to all the fun and frolic about town: for in those days, when vice had no masquerades,

people did not, as now, "travaille trop pour la Gazette;" but then, to be sure, there were no Sunday newspapers, to make it necessary for every profligate to wish to pass for a platonist, and make the world believe,

"Qu'il s'éveille, qu'il se lève, qu'il s'habille et qu'il sort,
Qu'il rentre, qu'il dîne, qu'il soupe, qu'il se couche et qu'il dort."

"Et voilà tout." No! a man's vices then were a part of the appanage of his rank in life; so that many were compelled to make a great display on very small means.

Colonel Grimstone was a personal friend of Charles James Fox: he had packed the jury for him in his action for debt against Horne Tooke; nay, he had done more—he had trembled for his personal safety, when Burke, in his celebrated speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, said, while Sheridan stood on one side of him, and Fox on the other, that "Vice incapacitates a man from all public duty; it withers the powers of his understanding, and makes his mind paralytic." He thought the insult so personal, that his illustrious friends

must have taken notice of it; but to his great relief, he found them, at the close of the debate, as heedless and free from paralysis as ever.

But let it not be supposed that pleasure alone was his pursuit,—no, he combined the "utile dulci," and proved his patriotism by raising a regiment, which he sent out to Egypt to be cut to pieces, while he remained at home, to see their hard-earned banners done due honours to in Whitehall: and although the Prince of Wales had presented the colours to the regiment, and honoured the gallant colonel with his company at a "déjeûné" afterwards, still he was not tempted to pay his royal highness the compliment of adopting his motto of "Ich Dien," in his own proper person.

It was at this epoch of his life, in the full tide of his military glory, that he "led to the hymeneal altar the amiable and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Barbara Langton;" but whether it was that the lady was fonder of war than he was, or whether their unhappiness arose from

"Some stranger cause yet unexplored,"

it is certain that their ménage was by no means

Utopian, as it lacked that flitch of bacon unanimity of opinion, so desirable in wedded life, and which can never be achieved unless wives are content to live as they must die, intestate. No sooner had Miss Langton become Mrs. Grimstone, than she found out that she was the most devoted daughter in the world, and could not live without her mother, for whom, to do her justice, she had the greatest possible respect; as that exemplary parent, who had been many years separated from her husband, had, from inconceivable economy, out of a very limited income, contrived to a amass a large fortune; all of which she promised to leave to whichever of her daughter's future progeny she should like best. This good lady was what is called a woman of spirit, and such characters are seldom guilty of either cunning or hypocrisy, as they invariably prefer carrying things by storm, to gaining them by stratagem; and though in reality not a whit less void of sense than her daughter, her bluntness gave a sort of *Brummagem* energy to her character, which often led people into the error of thinking her a clever woman, and gave her absolute dominion

over the weak, vacillating, low cunning imbecility of her daughter's mind, who never could perform the simplest act without labelling it with a false motive, for insincere people are always cowards; consequently, if she only wished a door or a window opened or shut, she was sure to premise that she did so solely for the sake of another. This species of gratuitous dissimulation became insupportably wearisome to her husband, who at length actually dreaded taking a second cup of tea, or putting on a great-coat, if she asked him to do so, lest in complying he should be entrapped into the, to him, unpardonable weakness of gratifying some covert wish of his wife's; at the same time that he would have to submit to the humiliation of being apparently the obliged person. To speak truly, he had as many faults as most men, but even those in which he was deficient, he was sure to be supplied with by the penetration and spirit of his mother-in-law.

Previous to their marriage, his wife had stipulated that she was to pass every season in London: he had faithfully performed the compact for three years; but when the fourth came, he

was laid up with the gout, had spent a great deal of money in improvements at Grimstone, and, in short, found many other cogent reasons for remaining in the country; all of which plunged his lady wife into an undispellable fit of sulk, till her spirited mother declared that such tyranny could not and should not be borne. So, accordingly, she and her daughter took their departure "sans cérémonie," the next morning for London, and took a house in Grosvenor Square, where they unmolestedly went to *drums* and dinners for six months.

The poor colonel, as soon as he had recovered from the first shock of this dreadful innovation upon the marital authority of the Grimstones, began to think what deities he should set up in place of the *Lares* and *Penates*, which had used him so scurvily; and he luckily recollected that there was a dormant Irish peerage in the family, which he might as well revive, as the only chance he had now left of lording it over his wife; and he bestirred himself so expeditiously, that in less than eight months the patent was made out, and he became "Viscount De Clifford, of the county

of Roscommon, and Baron Portmarnham, of Portmarnham Castle; but he did not long survive his budding honours, for the following year he was gathered to his fathers, where nothing remained to him of all his pomp, but a splendid mausoleum in the family vault, and an epitaph, which (thanks to his widow's *love of truth*) did not tell so many falsehoods as most posthumous panegyrics do. Released from her bondage, Lady De Clifford devoted herself to spoiling her children, quarrelling with her neighbours, and turning away her servants; but lest the former should prove too arduous a task for her own individual and unassisted labours, her mother kindly undertook to facilitate it, by taking her favourite Master Herbert under her own especial care, and training him up to expect the eighty thousand pounds she meant to leave him; so that by the time he was fourteen, she had indulged him into a sort of domestic Alexander Selkirk, who fancied himself "monarch of all he surveyed" at school. When other boys were content with cherries and strawberries, he was fed upon

peaches and pine-apples, which he seemed to consider his "Jure divino," and therefore never shared either with his brother, or his playfellows. Money was supplied to him on an equally liberal scale, which produced the good effect of making him extravagant to the most boundless excess, which as it naturally increased his selfishness, prevented his ever deviating in his most unguarded moments into any thing bordering upon generosity, though he had been often known to purchase some bauble that he had taken a fancy to from his companions at *treble* its value, in order that there might be no delay to his becoming the possessor, and afterwards boast how he had assisted the seller when he was in distress—a fact he was confirmed in by his mother's and grandmother's invariable assertion upon beholding all such purchases, and hearing the sum he had paid for them: "Indeed, my dear Herbert, you are far *too generous!*" Meanwhile his brother, under maternal auspices, was undergoing a different but equally judicious mode of treatment. Mrs. Langton, in her usual *spirited* manner, had declared her decided

aversion for him, and her daughter had too much filial affection ever to differ from her *openly;* consequently, with her "protegé" she was compelled to have recourse to a species of contraband spoiling, gauged by falsehood and deceit, that engendered in him the selfishness of covetousness and avarice, to quite as great an extent, as the selfishness of profusion had been fostered in his brother.

Lady De Clifford's sole object was to make up to him for his grandmother's partiality to Herbert; consequently, whatever the latter got, she was sure to give him too, but always accompanied with the strict injunction that it was to be kept a profound secret from his brother and grandmother. All this naturally made him cold, stern, crafty, and ambiguous, and careful never to allow a glimmering of his designs to appear before their execution; so that he never was seduced into honesty, or betrayed into candour—two circumstances that gave him a fearful advantage over every one he had any dealings with. His grandmother's ceaseless invectives gave him a morbid resentment of censure, while, on the other hand, his

mother's eternal praises of every thing he said, and every thing he did, gave him an equally morbid and perfectly insatiable craving for flattery, which choked up both his intellect and his feelings. Pride, one of the noblest attributes of our nature, if properly directed, was in him the "overgrown rank weed" of vulgar externals, inflated by egotism into the omnipresence of himself, and never extending beyond "a local habitation and a name."

His mother was eternally dinning into his ears, that the Grimstone estate (which his father had left much mortgaged, and which she had thrown into chancery) would, by the time he was of age, be one of the finest properties in England; and that to it she would add, at her death, her own place of Blichingly, in —— shire, containing a fine old castle, and an unincumbered property, in a ring-fence of thirty miles in circumference.

But, alas! all is not gold that glitters. Upon his coming of age, the mortgage on the Grimstone estate remained almost entirely unpaid off, and the property any thing but improved from its long slumber in chancery; so that the

young heir commenced life as his father had ended it, by being an embarrassed man. To be sure, there was still Blichingly in perspective —but then his mother still lived; it was in her sole power, and under her sole control; and there were such things as caprices and contingencies in the world, and, worst of all, there was now a *bare* chance of its being, like Macedonia at the death of Alexander, divided among many: for Herbert Grimstone had, at the end of five years, ran through every shilling of the eighty thousands pounds his grandmother had left him; and with that genius for finance, which had ever distinguished him, he had contrived to get ten thousand pounds in debt besides; add to which, Lady De Clifford had accumulated two valuable acquaintance in the Isle of Thanet—a Mr. and Mrs. Tymmons.

The male Tymmons was an attorney, and ingratiated himself into her ladyship's good graces, by giving her sundry remnants of his legal abilities at the cheapest possible rate; while the female specimen made herself extremely useful in the secret service line of buying bargains, procuring chronicles of the

kitchen, and a catalogue raisonnée of the conversation in the servants'-hall; to say nothing of being the triple substitute of society, companion, and counsellor. As her patroness, having quarrelled with her whole neighbourhood in ——shire, and closed her park gates against the hounds, had no troublesome visiters, and as she seldom confided her secrets to her sons, Mrs. Tymmons's sympathizing bosom became a safe repository for such important mysteries, as whether John the footman talked too often to Mary the housemaid, or whether the bay mare was to be turned out to grass, or the black horse to be sent to Tattersall's; whether Lord De Clifford was to be sent half a buck, and Herbert only a haunch, or vice versâ; or last, though not least, whether Anne had told Martha, who had told Jane, who had told Sarah, who had told Mrs. Mince, the housekeeper, who had told Mrs. Frump, her ladyship's-maid, that Thomas had said to James at dinner, that the beer at Blichingly was much weaker than what the servants had at Lord Cramwell's; for which reason the aforesaid Thomas was instantly to be discharged, and Mrs. Tymmons despatched upon

a Diogenes's mission in search of an honest man, which a man capable of preferring one concoction of malt and hops to another, certainly could not be called, at least when the beverage so preferred, was not brewed at Blichingly.

Besides, the Tymmons being justly proud of knowing a Viscountess, and especially one with so much in her power, was the very Triton of the Toady's; and, by her incessant deference and adulation, served to remind her illustrious friend of her superior station; otherwise, from the constancy and minuteness of her domestic details, her ideas stood a fair chance of never extending beyond a kitchen-maid or a cabbage-stalk, as her phraseology had already become that of the kitchen.

But the most formidable of all these rival votaries, in Lord De Clifford's eyes, was Herbert; for he had not only to get his mother to pay his debts, but also to play a bold stroke for Blichingly, which still, however, stood provokingly forward in the vista of his elder brother's prospects.

At this critical epoch, he became acquainted

with Julia Neville, and having taken a fancy to her, determined, even at the risk of losing Blichingly, to marry her. Here was noble, disinterested generosity! which, to her shame be it said, Julia never felt half grateful enough for, though her husband reminded her of it incessantly. His mother was for a long time unappeasable, as she thought she had a right to insist upon his marrying a person with money; however, to do him justice, as soon as his fancy was over, he made every atonement in his power to his mother's outraged authority, by humbling and subjugating his wife to all her vulgar insolence and caprices as much as possible, and turning away his own servants at her instigation, as often as she did hers, especially if they happened to be favourites with Julia.

This amiable and exemplary lady, whom her sons voted a pattern of piety, because she went to church occasionally, could repeat the creed out of book, used the word religion very often, and subscribed once to the Bible Society, never saw her daughter-in-law for five years, though she was in the habit of calling at her

door, while she sent for her son to visit her in the carriage; and probably she might have gone to her grave without doing so, had she not been once dangerously ill, and both her sons abroad; whereupon Julia wrote, and sent to know if there was any thing she could do for her? So that three months after, chaperoned by her son, she paid a visit; but fearing this might be too great an honour for his wife, Lord De Clifford ushered her into the room where Julia sat, by saying, "My mother has come to see the house!"

From that day, the little remnant of peace Julia had had was at an end; for, though the dowager was sickeningly civil, ceremonious, and flattering to her face, yet never did she enter her house, but what she was sure to hear from her husband the same day such speeches as the following: "As my mother says, how I am thrown away upon you!" or, "As my mother says, how extremely shabby the furniture looks, though new last year!" and, "How foolish you must be to keep such bad servants! What a difference between this carpet and hers in

Bruton-street, which has been down these ten years! But then my mother is not a fine lady."

"And perhaps she don't receive so often as we do; or, may be you don't smoke in her drawing-rooms?" said Julia; but she was soon silenced by an authoritative,

"Hold your tongue, madam! none of your impertinence!"

At their marriage, Lord De Clifford had only settled £5000 upon his wife, upon the plea of his present embarrassments, and his intention of doing more, should he ever become the possessor of Blichingly; but three years afterwards, one of the trustees to her marriage settlement having died, and Mr. Herbert Grimstone being the only surviving one, Lord De Clifford soon worked upon his wife's compassion, by descriptions of his pecuniary distress, to relinquish that munificent sum, to which arrangement the trustee consented, without even appealing to her to know if such was her wish.

The frequency of Lord De Clifford's elections was ruinous in the extreme, and displeased his

mother greatly, or rather the line of politics he had adopted; for she being, as she always styled herself, "a landed proprietor," thought it incumbent on her to be a Tory, and therefore looked upon her son's political principles as waifs upon her manor, which she had a perfect right to pound within her own pale of restriction, whenever it was in her power to erect a barrier to their career; consequently no electioneering funds were to be expected from her. On the contrary, she always made a point on those occasions of withdrawing the allowance she made him, in consideration of the mortgage on the Grimstone estate; and then followed, "fast and fierce," reproaches of his ingratitude in going contrary to the wishes of her who had brought him up so tenderly, and so carefully.

She forgot that when she took him to Eton he did not like the *Keateon* physiognomy, and so declared to Eton he would not go. Nor did he, for his kind parent sent him to Harrow instead. At a later period, upon his private tutor finding fault with something he had done, he quietly and coolly knocked him down!

Then came his maternal guardian angel, and took him away, saying she was sure Mr. Lilburn (the tutor) must have insulted him grossly, and she should expose him every where.

Now, causes will produce effects, and no wonder the twig so bent proved rather unmanageable afterwards; but knowing, as she did, that an English peerage was Lord De Clifford's "thought by day and dream by night," she was puzzled beyond measure to divine why he should labour so indefatigably to subvert the powers that be, and desecrate all existing institutions; for she was ignorant of that almost universally known truth, that there is no hypocrisy like political hypocrisy—no tyrant like a democrat—and no placeman like a patriot.

Your true liberal deals with the people as Charles the Twelfth did with the Russians: under the guise of protection and redress, he uses all his dexterity and adroitness to turn their own arms against them, and instruct him how to become their conqueror; when too late, they find their mistake in exchanging the

harmless inertness of a King Log, for the active destructiveness of a King Stork.

Now Herbert Grimstone, on the contrary, had always been a staunch Tory, as long as there had been a close borough in existence; but no sooner had they fallen victims to the alphabetical pestilence of schedules "A" and "B," than his political steps began to limp about upon the crutches of liberal whiggism—steering timidly and totteringly between the monosyllabic Scylla and Charybdis of "aye" and "no," and resolutely shutting his ears against the siren voices of principle or consistency. Demosthenes said of the Pythian oracle, that it philipized; and from the moment the Reform Bill began to thrive, Herbert Grimstone liberalized; but when it and the Catholic question were both carried, and "a second Daniel came to judgment," suffocating the British senate into silence with "flowers of the earth," and dazzling them into blindness with gems of the sea, then, and not till then, Herbert Grimstone radicalized.

And who could blame him? His grandmother's £80,000 were gone—his friend Lord

Shuffleton's rotten borough was gone—his own credit was gone—so that he had no alternative but St. Stephen's or the King's Bench.

> And, oh, the choice! what patriot can doubt
> Of seats with ratting, or of jails without?

The worst of it is, that every advantage is bought with a price in this "best of all possible worlds:" the change that had come over the spirit of his politics, was another hold loosened on his chance of Blichingly. Something must be done to propitiate his mother, without offending his brother, as he was a great friend and supporter of Lord Denham's, who was the cynosure of their political hemisphere. So he took to making his mother presents, begging of her to choose his pocket-handkerchiefs; eating bad dinners at five o'clock with her once a month, and calling her *mamma*.

This did very well to fill up the interstices of her good graces, but still there was a grand "coup" wanting to produce something decisive; and he had not been a diplomatist for eight years, without knowing that nothing had

so good a chance of clenching an advantage, as assuming a great appearance of conciliatory generosity and sacrifice, when any of the other negotiating powers had been guilty of defalcation from the constituted authorities.

His brother had married against his mother's consent, *ergo*, he should be on the point of doing the same, but, from his overpowering sense of filial duty and affection, should, on the very threshold of happiness, relinquish his dearest hopes.

Accordingly, one day after dinner, at the end of a three weeks' acquaintance, he proposed for an admiral's daughter of the name of Erdley. Though penniless and a little deformed, with a slight cast in one eye, she was a very amiable girl, and had never been guilty of any folly but that of liking Herbert Grimstone. However, luckily her heart was not made of that sort of brittle devotion that breaks at desertion. Lady De Clifford was duly applied to for her consent, and as duly refused it. Again and again she was entreated, but in vain. Herbert wrote an affecting letter to his adored Caroline, saying, that however he might and should

suffer, he would die sooner than subject the pride of one he loved better than life to the humiliation of entering a family where she would not be appreciated!

That night he left London for Paris, accompanied by Mademoiselle Celestine, a French actress; wrote to his mother from thence for six weeks, on black-edged paper; went every night to Frescati's; dined every day at the Rocher, or the Café de Paris (except when he dined out), and at the end of six months returned to London, and assured "his dearest mamma" that, much as it had cost him, he felt far happier in having obliged her, than he could possibly have done by gratifying his own wishes.

This certainly was a great point gained, and his purse had no longer that consumptive appearance which Paris invariably occasions, but "all that's bright must fade." One luckless morning he forgot an appointment he had made with his mother to be in Bruton-street by twelve o'clock, to pass sentence upon a groom she was about to hire, and went to the levee instead. The newspapers betrayed his

secret, so that when he called the next day he was not admitted.

The same fate awaited him for five months, with the agreeable addition of having his allowance stopped, thereby showing,

"What mighty contests rise from trivial things."

This was the time for Lord De Clifford to step forward with his delicate attentions, and regain the ground he had lost. He had determined upon going abroad, wishing to escape from the vexatious consequences resulting from an event he had long ardently wished for, namely, the birth of a son; but, alas! the little unfortunate was not destined to appropriate to itself the honours of his house, as its mother was a poor girl of seventeen, in the village of Blichingly, of the name of Mary Lee. From the moment the Dowager Lady De Clifford had been made acquainted with the circumstance, she had, with her usual maternal affection, done every thing in her power to assist her son in ridding himself of his poor victim's importunities, by calling her "a vile, forward hussy;" threatening her with the

parish authorities, and ejecting her father from a little farm he rented; but, unfortunately, these well-meant exertions only tended to ensure a contrary effect from that which they were designed to produce: for the poor girl, who had submitted without a murmur to every privation and reproach, no sooner found that her child was likely to become a sacrifice, than she redoubled her appeals to its unnatural father, which he humanely determined to put an end to, by retreating beyond the reach of her importunities.

Neither was his exemplary mother without her own individual sorrows at this juncture; for having had a living fall vacant some months before, she had refused it to a very worthy clergyman in the neighbourhood, thinking he was too much of the gentleman to be as completely under her control as she thought desirable, and so gave it accordingly to a miserably poor relation of Mr. Tymmons's, rejoicing in the euphoneous cognomen of Hoskins. This presentation had, *primâ facie*, the appearance of a great charity towards Hoskins, but his patroness was too shrewd a person to act

without a motive. The fact was, the tithe being worth about £100 a year, she meant him to accept a modus of £35 ; but, unfortunately, he being, too, like herself, of a mean, sordid, grasping, disposition, totally devoid of gratitude, answered this proposition by instantly bringing an action against her in the Ecclesiastical Court for simony, which he followed up by every species of vulgar, personal annoyance he could invent, so that her son found her more inclined than he could have anticipated to accompany him to Italy, which, as may be supposed, was an additional martyrdom to poor Julia.

CHAPTER IX.

Membranis intus positis delere licebit
Quod non ediderís: nescit vox missa reverti.
Q. Horatie Flacci,
Epistola ad Pisones.

Moulded by her—her son to manhood grown,
She now can claim his vices as her own.

The oath in any way or form you please,
I stand resolv'd to take it.
Massinger's *Duke of Milan.*

A German writer has observed, that "Luther knew very well what he was about when he threw the inkstand at Satan's head, for there is nothing that the devil hates like ink." In this, at least, Lord De Clifford's maternal progenitor resembled his Satanic majesty, for no-

thing on earth she so much dreaded, and consequently hated, as the idea of anonymous letters about her being disseminated, or of being made the subject of a paragraph in a newspaper. Poor lady! she was really to be pitied, for she had all her life been inverting Plato's maxim, "That in seeking other's good, we find our own;" as in seeking other's harm, she invariably found hers.

She had sought to save the Rev. Nathaniel Peter Hoskins trouble, by condensing his tithe of £100 per annum into £35, and a simonious suit decided against her in the Ecclesiastical Court had been the result. She had wished to make farmer Jenkins drain the hedges and re-thatch the barn at Rushworth farm, solely for his own comfort (but wholly at his own expense); whereupon he had the impertinence to employ an attorney, who clearly proved that, according to the terms of the lease, the repairs of draining, thatching, &c., devolved entirely upon her ladyship, and were entirely compulsory obligations, which brought forth the before alluded to insolent letter from farmer Jenkins, wherein he threatened to pub-

lish the whole transaction, with episodes in the ——shire "Courant," if she did not instantly desire Mr. Grindall, her steward, to have the aforesaid draining and thatching put in hand.

By the same packet had also come an obsequious and admonitory letter from the faithful Tymmons, putting her on her guard as to the machinations of his "never-to-be-sufficiently-deprecated, ungrateful, and degenerate kinsman, the Rev. Nathaniel Peter Hoskins, "who had not only warmly espoused the cause of Mary Lee, in his pastoral capacity of guardian to the parish morals, but had actually joined the thatching and draining cabal of the Jenkinists. But," continued Mr. Tymmons, in his able and eloquent epistle, in which he appeared deeply to have studied Aristotle's receipt for good writing, namely, "to speak like the common people, and think like the wise"—"but bad as these here two hitches is, they ain't without a remedy neither; for as I was a saying to Mr. Grindall last night, when we was a drinking your ladyship's health in a glass of the very best Blich-

ingly ale I ever tasted,—and thanks to your goodness, my lady, I've tasted many,—that there is Bring-'em-down-Dick, as we calls Richard Brindal, the under-keeper, as was discharged for poaching Christmas twelvemonth, might be got to marry the girl, and say the child is his; if so be my lord would come down with a matter of £200, which, in my humble opinion (but with all due deference to your ladyship, who, of course, always knows best), it would be well worth his lordship's while to do; as Mister Hoskins—I mean that eternal disgrace, that flaw in our family—is actually drawing up a pamphlet on the subject, which the vulgar wretch says he shall keep under his lee, till the next Triverton election; and then if my lord stands, or even Mr. Herbert, it will be a smasher. But I beg your ladyship's pardon for repeating this here venomous viciousness: nothing but a wish to place your ladyship on your ladyship's guard, so as that you may circumvent the villain, and enable my lord to rise above it bright and resplendent, as I have often seen the sun do from the Thames just above Eel Pie Island,

could induce me to offend your ladyship's eyes with such words.

"I was at Blichingly last evening—the Swedish turnips have taken well, but Mr. Grindall thinks the Norfolk wheat too coarse, and the geese won't eat the stubble. Sorry to say, two bucks and a doe were found shot at the east end of the park yesterday, and the black swan has killed one of the white ones. Hoskins had the effrontery to ask John Oaks, the new under-gardener, for a few grains of the Russian parsley-seed last week, which he very properly refused, telling him he'd see him d—n first; upon which Hoskins swore he was drunk, and had him fined five shillings.

"I trouble your ladyship with this little anecdote of John Oaks, knowing that that justice which invariably leads your ladyship to punish vice, equally leads you to reward virtue.

"Mrs. Tymmons begs her humble, dutiful respects to your ladyship, whom we both sincerely hope is quite well, as well as my lord and little miss, who, we hear, is the very born image of your ladyship. Beauty is all very well, but beauty won't last for ever: so that she may

have the beauties of your ladyship's mind as well, is the humble hope of your ladyship's

"Faithful, grateful, and

"Obliged servant to

"Command till death,

"ANTHONY ALGERNON TYMMONS."

This budget induced Lady De Clifford to summon her son to a cabinet council, which she opened in a manner that Machiavilli might have envied, and Prince Talleyrand despaired of equalling. The mother and son knew each other too well, whatever might be the imminent danger of their respective dilemmas, ever to commit the candid imbecility of asking a favour, when they had the power of making it appear that they were conferring an obligation; and as both perfectly coincided in the French philosopher's opinion, that "words were given to us to conceal our thoughts," they invariably used theirs acccordingly.

"Well, ma'am," said the latter, as he slammed the door after him, flung himself into a chair with his hat on, yawned sonorously, and placed his feet upon the table,—"I suppose

you have sent to me about this Rushworth Farm business. I really don't see what the d—l you can do—I suppose you'll have to knock under at last; so you had better make a virtue of necessity, to stop Jenkins's mouth, and say that, on looking over the lease, you find Grindall (for don't commit yourself) was mistaken, and therefore you will order the repairs to be made, and are sorry there should have been so long a delay."

"Oh! my dear," said the affectionate mother, "it is very little consequence about the Rushworth Farm. I sent for you upon another business—about that 'ere tiresome Mary Lee. She is threatening to expose every thing; and then your character might suffer."

"My character!" shouted Lord De Clifford, in a voice almost inarticulate with rage, as he started on his feet, and stamped at his terrified parent, who stood trembling like an amateur wizard—a Tycho in the black art, that had raised a demon she had neither the power to exorcise nor control,—"my character, madam! who dare impeach it? It is as undeserving of censure, as it is superior to and beyond it.

Is that name which has been unsullied for a thousand years, and which has derived additional lustre since it has centred in me—is it, I say, to be tarnished by a village calumny, filtered through the ravings of a low-born peasant, who ought to feel it her only source of pride that I had ever looked at her?"

"Very true, my dear," responded the virtuous and sensible matron; "but you see this here Hoskins is such a wretch: he's a drawing up some horrid pamphlet, which he threatens to publish at the next Triverton election, should either you or Herbert stand; and at these elections people are so scurrilous and treacherous, there is no knowing what may be said; and I thought if Hoskins—"

"There it is," interrupted her son, as he paced the room, with his hands behind his back, and his hat slouched over his eyes: "you *would* give the living to that blackguard, when I wanted you to give it to young Dinely, which would have obliged Herbert, as Lord Shuffleton had always been so kind to him; and Dinely's a capital fellow—thinks of nothing but his hounds and a good bottle of claret—

and as he is sure of being a bishop before he dies, he would have let you make ducks and drakes of the tithes."

"Indeed, my dear, it is shocking to think how one suffers for a good action in this world: so charitable as it was of me to give the living to that 'ere Hoskins, when Mr. Moreton applied for it, and every one speaks so well of him! But I can't say I like those popular people; I think they must be so artful; besides, he's rather methodistical and particular. But let us think what can be done about this here terrible pamphlet."

"Done! why, I'll write to Clarridge, the d—d Triverton printer, and tell him I'll prosecute him if he dares publish any thing of the sort."

"Oh! my dear, you are much too open and unsuspicious — that would never do; because, in the first place, that would commit you more; and in the next place, Hoskins could get it published elsewhere; but—"

"But what, ma'am?—Then I'll break every bone in that rascally Hoskins's skin."

"I'm sure, my dear, your just indignation is

not to be wondered at, and does *vaust* credit to your head and *hort;* but you always was so *vaustly sperited* and high-minded; but it don't do with those sort of people: you should always compass them with a net before you attack them with a spear; that is, never attack them before you are quite sure that they have no means either of defence or escape."

"There is some sense in that, ma'am. But what do you want me to do, then?"

"Why, my dear, it strikes me (for this candid and veracious lady would not even give her faithful friend and counsellor, Mr. Tymmons, the credit of his plot)—it strikes me that you had better give some man a couple of hundred pounds to marry the girl, and so get rid of her: but first make him promise to say that the child is his; and then you can write a letter to Clarridge, the editor of the 'Courant,' assuring him you know nothing of Mary Lee, but, hearing she was miserably poor, have given her that money as a dower, which circumstance he can put in the county paper, and it will sound uncommonly generous on your part; and Grindall shall have my orders to send him half

a buck before he receives your letter, which will prepare him to justify you to every one."

"That's all very fine, ma'am; but, d—n it! who's to be got to marry the girl?"

"Why, I was a thinking, my dear, that that 'ere Brindal, that I turned away for poaching some time ago, would do any thing for £200."

"Yes, and a pretty way I should commit myself, by exacting a promise of secrecy from such a fellow as that, who, for a quarter of the sum, in a case of necessity, would betray every thing!"

"My dear, you are naturally so irritated at the villanous threats of that wretch Hoskins, that you do not take time to understand me. I never meant that you should compromise yourself by having any dealings with Brindal; but I thought I could give Mr. Tymmons (of whose honesty and secrecy I have every reason to have the highest opinion) a hint to negotiate the business; and when he had got him publicly to own the child, then give him the money, which would be better and safer than giving it to the girl, as that might look suspicious; and in giving it to Brindal, Mr. Tym-

mons could say that I had discovered he was not guilty of the fault for which I had discharged him, and therefore that you, as well as myself, wished to make him every reparation in our power. Besides, my dear, doing it in this way would have another advantage—the circumstance would do *vaustly* well to put into a paragraph, as a set-off to one of those eternal flourishes about the blankets and coals Lord Sudbury gives to the poor of Triverton every Christmas."

"Well, my dear ma'am," said the obedient son, affectionately taking his mother's hand, "I think you have arranged every thing very diplomatically, so I shall leave it entirely to you."

"Ah, my dear! depend upon it there is no friend like a mother, and this it was that made me so much against your marriage. I saw how you was throwing yourself away; but there's no putting old heads on young shoulders."

"I can only lament, my dear ma'am," said the affectionate son, gallantly kissing the hand he still held, "that, being blessed with such a mother, I have not always followed the advice which was dictated by her superior sense."

"Well, my dear, let by-gones be by-gones; I'll write to Mr. Tymmons, if you'll just write a line to Clarridge."

Lord De Clifford sat down and endited the following epistle:

"Dear Sir,

"You may probably have heard some time ago of a man of the name of Richard Brindal, an under gamekeeper of my mother's, being discharged from her service for poaching: she has since discovered that he was wrongfully accused by a rival keeper, and she is therefore anxious (with that justice and generosity which have ever distinguished her) to make him every reparation in her power; for which reason, hearing he is about to be married to a young woman of the name of Lee, in the village of Blichingly, she has given him £100, and begged of me to add another hundred to it, which I have much pleasure in doing. I should feel much obliged by your making these facts public, through the medium of your valuable paper—not from any desire of proclaiming my mother's generosity, for that is a

proceeding from which I know she would shrink, but solely from the desire of vindicating and re-establishing the character of the poor man. I understand Brindal has had a liaison with the girl he is about to marry; the child which was the result of it, Mr. Hoskins, with his usual impotent, unchristian-like, but for that reason perfectly clerical malice, has thought fit to tax me with being the father of — an accusation which I hope I need not assure you, on the honour of a gentleman, is perfectly false, and this you have my authority to state, should the calumny gain ground. Hoping Mrs. Clarridge and your young people are quite well,

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"De Clifford."

"There, ma'am, will that do?" said Lord De Clifford, pushing over this precious "morceau" to his mother, who after she had perused it said,

"Nothing can be better, my dear; but you do write so *vaustly* well! There isonly one thing:

do you think it quite prudent to call Hoskins's conduct 'perfectly clerical?' I'm sure I speak disinterestedly, for his conduct has been enough to disgust one with all religion; but it might be brought against you at one of those horrid elections, and you know, my dear, that I am a stanch tory, for I really think we landed proprietors ought to support church and state."

"Fudge! my dear ma'am: what the d—l have the church and the parsons to do with the state?—All that is such d—d nonsense!"

"Perhaps not the parsons, my dear (and I'm sure no one has more cause to dislike them than I have), but certainly church and state always has gone, always does, and always will go together. You know, my dear, we have the thirty-nine Articles, the Magna Charta, and the Habeas Corpus Act for that. But we are forgetting things of more consequence,—you did not mention the venison in your letter to Clarridge."

"I thought it better not, for should he show the letter, it might look like bribery."

"Very just observation, my dear; I did not think of that." And now came the pith and marrow of this long conference, namely, her

ladyship's *own* business, which, to make it appear of the least possible importance, she put off to the last moment. "Oh, by the by, George," said she, just as her son was about to seal his letter, "be so good as to add a postscript, begging Clarridge will contradict in every possible way any stories about Jenkins and the Rushworth Farm; say it was all a mistake of Grindall's—that I had it rectified the moment it came to my knowledge. I'm sure none but landed proprietors can know the trouble of landed property," concluded her ladyship, with a deep sigh, as though she were personally labouring under the weight of all her own acres. This veracious protocol having been added to the before-mentioned truths, the bell was rang, and the letter duly despatched. Lord De Clifford having arranged all his own business entirely to his satisfaction, was preparing to leave the room, when his amiable parent said,

"Stop a minute, my dear, I want to speak to you. I've been thinking your establishment is a great deal more expensive than it need be; not that I would on any account deprive *you*

of any comfort, but really I must say that 'ere Beryl, Lady De Clifford's maid, has a great deal too much wages. I understand she gets four-and-twenty guineas a year; now I only give Frump sixteen—there's eight guineas saved at once."

"Yes, my dear ma'am, but Beryl is a very good hairdresser and milliner, I believe."

"Pack of stuff! I really think Miss Neville's maid might wait upon her sister; I'm sure she never had a maid to herself before she married; but those sort of people always give themselves the most airs; besides, it is a very bad plan to let servants live too long with one, for they begin to fancy one cannot do without them. That 'ere Beryl, from living so long with Lady De Clifford, is grown quite disrespectful. Only fancy her saying to the servants that she loves her mistress as well as if she was her sister! So vaustly free and impertinent! I'm sure no servant has ever presumed to speak in that way of me;—and then she tells Frump that she keeps all Lady De Clifford's keys, and buys every thing for her, which, I am sure, is enough to spoil any servant in the world. I never let

Frump buy me any thing except a pair of gloves once, for which she charged me half-a-crown, and I should have discharged her instantly, only I wanted her to find out something about a cook I had at the time, for it was such evident cheatery, as I never paid but eighteenpence for my gloves; and since Mrs. Tymmons took me to Sewell and Crosse's, I only pay a shilling; and as for keys, I'm sure I could not sleep if I thought Frump had a single key of mine in her possession."

"Why, to tell you the truth, my dear ma'am," said Lord De Clifford, rather alarmed by this insight into his wife's extravagance, "it is not so much for Lady De Clifford's accommodation that I allow her to keep Beryl but the fact is, travelling, she is a perfect treasure to me. Neither Dorio nor Carlton can ever remember any thing, and she never forgets a single thing; then she has found out a way of packing my things without rumpling them, which neither of those two dolts can do; she makes me capital tobacco-bags, that don't come open at the top, and much nicer 'sachets' than I can buy; and I never had a nightcap I

could wear till she made them; and so cheap, for I only pay her ten shillings for what I used to pay Ludlem a pound, and much better velvet too. In short, she is more my valet than either Carlton or Dorio. I think she has an impertinent manner though, as her excuse for keeping me waiting a quarter of an hour the other day was, that she must attend to Lady De Clifford first; for which reason I shall discharge her when I get to England."

"Oh! my dear, I was not aware that she was of the least use to you; if I had, I'm sure I should have been the last person to wish you to part with her. Indeed, if you had not told me of her impertinent speech the other day, I should have given her a new gown, to make her more attentive to you. You'll forgive my mentioning the circumstance, but I thought it was extravagant in Lady De Clifford to give her such wages."

"Oh! my dear ma'am, I'm sure I'm very grateful to you, and I see the justice of all you have said."

So saying, this amiable mother and son

separated till dinner; the former to calculate how she could manage to reduce Frump's board wages, the latter to enjoy the intellectual feast of Mademoiselle D'Antoville's powers of listening.

CHAPTER X.

My heart is mad;—why not my brain? Oh, witch!
That flaming Hymen now would quench his torch,
Or Hate betwixt thy fool and thee would set
Double divorce for ever! Shall I go?
I *cannot* quit her: but, like men who mock
The voice of thunder, tarry until—I die!
Shall I not go?—I will not, though the tongues
Of chiding virtue rail me straight to stone.
Here will I stand, a statue fix'd and firm,
Before the fiery altar of my love,
Both worshipper and martyr!

BARRY CORNWALL.

"YES, I will leave this place," said Mowbray, one morning, about a fortnight after the party to Como; "it is madness—is it not something worse?—of me to remain. What can it—what must it all end in? My eternal wretchedness

certainly, if she is what I think, what I feel—ay, what I know her to be! What a fate is mine! Why should the only human being in the world that can make life desirable to me, be the only one that I must not, at least, that I ought not to think of? Why was I born? Why can I not fathom the dark mystery of my own existence? Of what jarring atoms am I composed! The crude and half-formed germs of good within me seem as if the sun which was to vivify and expand them had never shone till now. Oh! mystery of mysteries! can that which softens and improves my whole nature be in itself wrong? Can crime, whose fruits are so bitter, bear such fair blossoms? Can sin, whose 'wages are death,' be the only thing which has taught me to live? or is my curse to be a *oneness*, both of fate and feeling? All nature owns a fair variety—light has its shade—heat its alternate cold—spring its showers—summer its suns—toil its rest; but I know no change: the unfathomed essence of one feeling absorbs all others; and with this feeling my heart aches and burns, and maddens, like a lidless eye beneath a

scorching sun! I have played the fool's game, and gambled with my fate; all is gone—all lost —all sacrificed to this one master-passion, and I am left without any of the small change of sensations and pursuits, which enable others to support existence!"

So argued, or rather raved, Mowbray, till his hand was actually on the bell to order preparations to be made for his immediate departure. In the Herculean labour of pulling an Italian bell, the bunch of withered violets that Lady De Clifford had dropped some time before, fell from his bosom, where they had been deposited ever since the day he had possessed himself of them. The sight of them changed the whole current of his intentions: he returned to his former sophistry, "that, in continuing his intercourse with Julia, no one would be injured but himself!" Therefore, with that Curtius-like devotion which a man always evinces to secure the gratification of his own selfishness, as soon as the bell was answered, instead of asking for his courier, he called for some Seltzer water, and ordered his horses, which, when they came round, conveyed him to the palazzo.

But what were Mowbray's conflicts to Julia's? He only struggled against the sorrow of his love—she had to shrink from the sin of hers: he looked to the penalties resulting from that love here—she to the punishment that awaited it hereafter. She had all her woman's purity to magnify and blacken her fault; he had all his man's sophistry of custom to lessen and lighten his:—his love, refine, restrain it as he might, was still but that whirlwind of impulse, passion, and selfishness, which a man's love always is; while hers was a sort of monomania of the heart, differing from that of the brain in this, that while that of the head consists in imagining ourselves to be something which we are not, that of the heart employs all its delusions upon another.

But, exclusive of this ill-fated attachment, which Lady De Clifford would not own even to herself, she had quite enough to make her wretched: for an eloquent writer has remarked, that "When a woman of genius is indued with real sensibility, her sorrow is multiplied by her faculties themselves: she makes discoveries in her afflictions, as in the rest of nature, and the miseries of her heart become inex-

haustible; the more ideas she has, the more she feels it."

Frank, generous, and affectionate, she met with nothing in her husband's family but deceit, meanness, and coldness. Like all intellectual women, she was of a social disposition, and half her life was condemned to solitude and silence. Clever men have a thousand ways of making their talents available,—science, politics, law, war, literature, all are open to them; therefore, with them, "self-love and social" are not necessarily the same: but a woman has but one sphere wherein to enjoy her talents—society. It may be urged that literature is equally open to them as to the other sex:—not so; for, generally speaking, women have either fathers, brothers, or husbands, who would shrink from having an authoress for a daughter, sister, or wife; and the reason is obvious: it arises from a fear that they might either disgrace or distinguish themselves,—two results equally distasteful to the pride of man.

No one could possibly have less desire "de briller" than Lady De Clifford; yet it was not

pleasant to her pride to be commanded into silence at home, in order to make way for the platitudes of her mother and brother-in-law, or to be frowned into it abroad, for fear of occasioning a colloquial eclipse of her husband. Still, had she continued to live under his absolute monarchy, her sense of duty would have enabled her to support with cheerfulness many of the rigours of his matrimonial code; but she had now to endure all the hydra oppressions of a triumvirate, for Mr. Herbert Grimstone had joined his amiable relatives at Milan, and had resumed his share (by no means an inconsiderable one) in the domestic legislation of his brother's family.

In person he was as diminutive as Lord De Clifford was tall; his hair was dark and thin, though he had a habit of extending his hand to encompass the half dozen capillary ornaments that graced each temple, as widely as though he had been about to grasp a world; his eyes were small, and of that sinister and one-expressioned kind which read others, while they say nothing themselves; his nose was aquiline; his face long, narrow, and pitted with the small-

pox; but Marmontel has described him perfectly in his portrait of the Marquis de Lisban. "Heureusement," for I could not do it half so well, "C'étoit une de ces figures froide qui vous disent: me voilà; c'étoit une de ces vanités gauches qui manquent sans cesse leur coup. Il se piquoit de tout, et n'étoit bon à rien; il prenoit la parole, demandoit silence, suspendoit l'attention, et disoit une platitude; il rioit avant de conter, et personne ne rioit de ses contes: il visoit souvent à être fin, et il tournoit si bien ce qu'il vouloit dire, qu'il ne savoit plus ce qu'il disoit. Quand il ennuyoit les femmes, il croyoit les rendre rêveuses: quands elles s'amusoient de ses ridicules, il prenoit cela pour des agaceries."

Towards his superiors (and, morally speaking, they would have been nearly every one with whom he came in contact) he evinced the most ubiquitous servility, which, to do him justice, he extended to the meanest individual, the moment he found they were capable of being of the slightest use to him: indeed, in some instances, his philanthropy deserved the greatest credit, for the vivid interest he took in

persons, of whose very existence he had appeared ignorant five minutes before.

When Mowbray reached the palazzo, he found the party divided "à l'Anglois," that is to say, the men at one end of the room, talking to each other, as being alone capable of understanding and appreciating the wonders of masculine intellect! and the women at the other end, suitably employed, raising mimic parterres on German canvass. Herbert Grimstone was sitting on a tabouret, with one of his feet in one of his hands, and his hat on—a privilege the Grimstones seemed to dispute with the Kinsale family, as they invariably retained theirs in the presence of the royalty of nature, namely, the softer sex. Lord De Clifford and Mr. Seymour were disputing upon the merits of Lord Bolingbroke, whilst ever and anon, Herbert Grimstone chimed an assent to some observation of his brother's, when he could spare any attention from looking over an octavo volume he had just spawned about Timbuctoo. Innumerable were the mistakes of the printer; but the greatest mistake was having printed it at all.

"Man is an imitative animal," says Buffon: (so are monkeys for that matter!) but Herbert Grimstone was the most imitative of his imitative race; his very vices were not original, while even his person was but a base copy of humanity.

Unfortunately for him, or rather for the world, he had a cousin, one of the greatest geniuses the age had produced, and who was as successful as he was distinguished as an author. Herbert had for some years, while abroad, contented himself with the "dolce far niente" of usurping his cousin's well-deserved fame—in Germany that fame was at its height—consequently the name of Grimstone became a sort of "passe par tout;" and on one occasion, as Herbert was proceeding up the Rhine, a young student, reading his name chrysographed on a red morocco despatch-box, deferentially advanced, cap in hand, begging to know whether he had the honour of addressing a relation of the great Grimstones? To which Herbert modestly replied that *he* was the great Grimstone! Great was the poor student's delight: he did not know how to make enough of the two hours that in-

tervened previous to their landing; and when they separated, they did so mutually pleased: Herbert, inflated with all the homage due to his cousin, which had been paid by mistake, or rather through the medium of a falsehood to his vanity; and the student charmed with the affability and condescension of so great a man; though, as he afterwards confessed, his conversation was very inferior to his books; but then people cannot do every thing, consequently the greatest genius cannot "talk a book;" besides, he further consoled himself with the idea that his father had once had the inexpressible felicity of travelling with Herr Jerusalem, the original of Goëthe's Werter, and found him so little remarkable, nay, so almost deficient, that had he not blown his brains out, or rather had not the author of "Faust" recorded the event, no one would have ever known that he had any.

When Herbert returned to England, unfortunately for his hitherto successfully-pursued plan, he found his cousin's identity a matter of too much certainty to allow him to benefit any longer by its apocryphal appropriation; he,

therefore, sagaciously deemed that by blotting four or five hundred sheets of paper, and publishing them when blotted, he should "in propriâ personâ," become an author; and once that, the confusion between him and his cousin would be a natural result, and when either his absurdities or obscenities were arraigned, it was easy among the uninitiated to say, "C'est Marc-Aurèle qui parle ce n'est pas moi;" and vice versa, when any good things were to be claimed;—his name procured him some severe castigations in reviews that would not otherwise have noticed him, every lash of which his vanity attributed to envy, on the part of hired labourers in the fields of literature.

His work on Timbuctoo, entitled "An Inquiry into the past, present, and future State of the World in general, and Timbuctoo in particular," was meant to be statistical, philological, physiological, philomathic, and political; in short, a condensation of all the "logics," and all the "ology's;" but, unfortunately, tautology and acryology were the only ones thoroughly exemplified: throughout he had mistaken free-thinking for philosophy, grossness for wit,

mutilation for analytic, and laxity for liberality.

As we have before stated, he was employed in looking over this encyclopedia of his own absurdity, when Mowbray entered. Mowbray was *the* man about town, therefore Herbert's reception of him was a happy mixture of cordiality and cringe, for which he might have taken out a patent, as no one else ever possessed it in so eminent and perfectionized a degree.

"You are just come in time," said Lord De Clifford, "to be umpire between me and Seymour, on the virtues and talents of Lord Bolingbroke. Seymour does not give him credit for that universality of talent which I must say I think he evinced upon all occasions."

"I confess," said Mowbray, "I am of Seymour's opinion. I have always looked upon Lord Bolingbroke as the very prince of charlatans, and think 'the all-pretending' would have been a much juster definition of him than 'the all-accomplished St. John;' even Swift complains of his affectation of the man of business, and his equal affectation of the man of pleasure.

He was a mosaic of fop-stoic statesmen and *littérature;* there was an eternal straining after effect, and nothing real about him, not even his scepticism; and his meanness in depreciating the indisputable learning of Bayle, that he might, with all the pedantry of a Scaliger, crib from him, has always appeared to me unpardonable."

"Do you not admire his 'Letters in Exile,' then?" ventured Herbert Grimstone.

"I cannot say that I do; they are so overlaid with laboured classical quotations, that the Cincinnatus tone he wishes to affect is utterly destroyed."

"You will at least allow," said Saville, "that he was a zealous and an active friend; for, during the three days of his administration, he made a point of obtaining from the queen the thousand pounds for Swift, which Lord Oxford had, with all his professions to the dean, failed in procuring."

"I allow that Lord Bolingbroke's hatred of Lord Oxford was so intense, that the desire of doing what he had not done, and 'se faisant valoir' thereupon, had more to do with this kind act than friendship for Swift."

"I cannot think so," said Lord De Clifford, "for how constant he was in his kindness to, and correspondence with Swift to the last!"

"Yes; and the greatest piece of want of feeling and bad taste he ever evinced, was in one of his letters on the death of Stella, at least only a little month after it, where he says to the dean, 'My wife sends you some fans just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella, whosoever she may be.' Now considering, that badly and unpardonably as he had behaved to her, she was the only woman Swift had ever really loved (for his flirtation with Miss Van Homrigh was mere vanity and convenience), this was coarse and unfeeling to say the least of it, but some persons are apt to make a great mistake when they gauge others' sincerity by their own."

"Oh, hang it!" said Lord De Clifford, "a great man is not to have his good feeling questioned from a slip of the pen about a d—d woman!"

"Thank you in the name of the whole sex," said Mrs. Seymour, who, with Madame de A.,

and the rest of the ladies, had joined the coterie since Mowbray's arrival.

"I don't know that," said Saville; "I have a vulgar prejudice in favour of a man's exten d ing a deferential worship, and consequent respect to the whole sex, or I don't think he can behave well to one."

"Ah! 'vous prêcher pour votre paroisse,'" laughed Madame de A.

"And you are my diocesan," whispered Saville to Fanny.

"Nolo episco peri," said she, smiling, "for I shall not allow of any such polytheistic doctrines, as you have professed."

"You know very well," said he, "that you have long converted me to pure deism, and that all the worship that I had given to many I now pour out to one. What more do you want, tyrant?"

"To get rid of your nonsense, and hear what your sensible friend is saying," said Fanny, as she laughingly placed herself on the sofa beside Mowbray, who was summing up his evidence against Lord Bolingbroke, as being such a bad husband. "Lord Chatham," continued he,

"expresses his surprise, on going to see Lord Bolingbroke when an old man at Battersea, to find him pedantic, fretful, and angry with his wife; but I am not the least surprised: there was no longer a motive for display—he was too old to recollect that Lord Chatham might perhaps record the latter fact, or else doubtless he would never have put it in his power to do so."

"D—d nonsense!" said Lord De Clifford, as he took his hat and walked out of the room.

Herbert Grimstone, who had been trying in vain for the last half-hour to get up a flirtation with Mrs. Seymour, soon followed his brother's example; for Saville and Mowbray were growing dreadfully agreeable, and he had a constitutional dislike to agreeable people, for the same reason that some persons dislike flowers in a room, because they consume too much of the oxygen necessary for their own respiration; and attention being the oxygen of vanity, Herbert Grimstone always suffered from the malaria of agreeability. So cramming a newspaper into his pocket, then stretching both his arms

above his head, and yawning, he turned to Mrs. Seymour with an ironical smile and an air, which he meant to be that of a De Grammont, and said,

"I think I deserve credit for my self-denial, in being able to leave so much wit, and so much beauty."

"At least," replied his tormentor, "you deserve credit for your honesty in not, amid such a profusion, taking away a particle of either!" From that moment Mrs. Seymour did what is the easiest thing in the world for a pretty and a clever woman to do—namely, lost a dangler, and gained an enemy; but in this instance she had the bad taste to prefer the latter to the former.

Madame de A. had been very busy preparing for her masquerade, which was to take place at Venice early in the ensuing week; and as she had determined upon having a game of piquet played with living cards, Fanny had been exerting all her inventive powers in designing dresses for the court cards that would not prevent their moving about. "Only fancy my having been so busy," said she, "about those

card dresses, that I have never opened that packet of books which came from England this morning. I wish some of you idle men would have the charity to read out to us poor indus trious damsels—*do*, Mr. Mowbray, for I have been told by a particular friend of yours, that you read remarkably well."

"So I do," said Mowbray, laughing, "but I assure you my particular friend reads infinitely better."

"A very just observation," said Saville, in the Dowager Lady De Clifford's voice, "and does credit to your *head* and *hort*."

Every one laughed at Saville's quotation and his admirable mimicry.

"When you have done being so *vaustly* civil to each other," said Fanny, pursuing the same theme, "perhaps one of you will have the goodness to open that packet and see what's in it."

"There, my dear fellow, do you do it," said Saville, pushing over the huge parcel to Mowbray; "it will be a charity to employ you, and prevent your pulling all those poor innocent magnolias to pieces, which never did you the slightest harm."

"That's not true," said Mowbray, "for they have given me a terrible headach."

Julia raised her eyes from her work—"Pray try some eau de Cologne," said she, giving him a *flacon* out of her work-basket. He soon felt most miraculously relieved, and pronounced it the best eau de Cologne he had ever met with.

"Well, what books are these?" inquired Fanny, seeeing that Mowbray was reading all the title-pages to himself.

"Every sort you can possibly desire—memoirs, diaries, biography, novels, essays, magazines, poems, 'ad infinitum,'—which will you have?"

"Oh, not poetry, certainly!" said every one unanimously, "unless it is Moore's, Mrs. Hemans's, or L. E. L.'s."

"You are wrong," said Mowbray, "for I have opened upon some exceedingly pretty poetry, though written by a person whose name I nor you never heard before—a Mr. Charles Mackay."

"The name is not euphonius, at all events," said Saville.

"No, but the verses are."

It has been remarked, that when we are under the influence of any particular passion or circumstances, we rarely open a book which does not seem addressed directly to our situation. This had been the case with Mowbray, in opening the little volume in question; besides, it was a favourite subterfuge of his, to make the words of others speak for him: thoughts he dared not breathe to her—thoughts which he dared not own, even to himself—came with apparent guilelessness from another.—How much subtile, honeyed, yet deadly poison, had he by this means distilled into Julia's ear! how much danger had stolen through that low, deep, soft, wooing voice into the very life-springs of its victim, like the plague-blast passing over the flowery vale of the Arno, which was rendered more destructive by the very sweets it acquired!* No wonder, then, that, on

* When the plague raged at Florence, in the thirteenth century, those who retired to Fiesole for safety, fell victims to a worse species of infection—from the pestilence gaining additional venom, by the atmosphere being so impregnated with the perfume of flowers.

such occasions, there was a deep pathos in the tones of Mowbray's, at all times touching and beautiful, voice, which drew forth unqualified admiration from his auditors, and led poor Julia into the error of thinking that in her admiration of him, she was only indulging a general, and not a particular, feeling.

"Well," said Fanny, "if it is not very long, we will allow you to read the poem you have volunteered to stand sponsor for."

Mowbray was too anxious to express some of the thoughts contained in it to wait for another command; and having drawn his chair closer to the table, or, in other words, closer to Julia's, he began the following very beautiful

"PRAYER OF ADAM ALONE IN PARADISE.

"O Father, hear!
Thou know'st my secret thought,—
Thou know'st with love and fear
I bend before thy mighty throne,
And before thee I hold myself as nought.
Alas! I'm in the world *alone!*
All desolate upon the earth;
And when my spirit hears the tone,
The soft song of the birds in mirth,—

When the young nightingales
Their tender voices blend,
When from the flowery vales
Their hymns of love ascend ;
Oh, then *I feel there is a void for me,*—
A bliss too little in this world so fair!
To thee, O Father, do I flee,
To thee for solace breathe the prayer!
And when the rosy morn
Smiles on the dewy trees,
When music's voice is borne
Far on the gentle breeze ;
When o'er the bowers I stray,
The fairest fruits to bring,
And on thy shrine to lay
A fervent offering,—
Father of many spheres!
When bending thus before thy throne,
My spirit weeps with silent tears,
To think that I must pray *alone!*
And when at evening's twilight dim,
When troubled slumber shuts mine eye,
And when the gentle seraphim
Bend from their bright homes in the sky ;
When angels walk the quiet earth,
To glory in Creation's birth ;
Then, Father, in my dreams I see
A gentle being o'er me bent,
Radiant with love, and like to me,
But of a softer lineament :
I strive to clasp her to my heart,
That we may live and be but one,—

Ah! wherefore, lovely beam, depart?
Why must I wake and find thee gone?
Almighty! in thy wisdom high,
Thou saidst that when I sin, I *die*:
And once my spirit could not see
How that which *is*, could cease to be.
Death was a vague, unfathomed thing,
On which the thought forbore to dwell;
But Love has ope'd its secret spring,
And *now* I know it well!
To die must be *to live alone*,
Unloved, uncherish'd, and unknown;
Without the sweet one of my dreams
To cull the fragrant flowers with me,—
To wander by the morning's beams,
And raise the hymn of thanks to *Thee*.
But, Father of the earth,
Lord of the boundless sphere!
If 'tis thy high unchanging will
That I should linger here,—
If 'tis thy will that I should rove
Alone o'er Eden's smiling bowers,
Grant that the young birds' song of love,
And the breeze sporting 'mong the flowers,
May to my spirit cease to be
A music and a mystery!
Grant that my soul no more may feel
The soft sounds breathing every where;
That Nature's voice may cease to hymn
Love's universal prayer!
For all around, in earth or sea,
And the blue heaven's immensity,
Whisper it forth in many a tone,
And tell me *I am all alone*!"

"Beautiful!" said Fanny; "beautiful!" echoed every one, except Julia; but she had made a great many false stitches in a rose-bud she was embroidering;—she left the room to get some more silk, and when she returned, Mowbray was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

O ! undeveloped land,
To where I fain would flee,
What mighty hand shall break each band
That keeps my soul from thee ?
In vain I pine, and sigh
To trace thy dells and streams ;
They gleam but by the spectral sky
That lights my shifting dreams.

* * * * * * *

From the German of LUDWIG TIEK.

If the bright lake lay stilly
When whirlwinds arose to deform,—
If the life of the lily
Were charm'd against the storm,
Thou mightest, though human,
Have smiled through the saddest of years—
Thou mightest, though woman,
Have lived unacquainted with tears !

From the German of JOHANN THEODOR DRECHSLER.

THERE is but one real actual present on earth,—but one period in which we feel our own identity independent of our imagi-

nation, and that is the time we pass with the one we love: the mere sense of existence is then an all-sufficient happiness, and this sense it is which alone can rivet or create for us that vague thing, the present. The reason is obvious: then, and then only, the boundless void of the human heart is filled; then alone we want nothing beyond what we have; and this it is that constitutes the actual, the present. So all-pervading is this feeling, that, in the presence of a beloved object, we dread even thinking our own thoughts, lest the illusion, the spell of consciousness, which is then in itself happiness, should be broken; lest the wild and swift-winged present should be startled into flight, never to return.

This mysterious presence alone has the power of bringing all our widely-ranged feelings, thoughts, and passions, into one focus; quit it but a moment, and then do our jarring atoms again separate, to war within us like chaotic spirits struggling for pre-eminence;—memory turning us back,—hope leading us forward,—jealousy maddening,—fear chaining,—suspense taunting,—despair paralyzing us;—

all lashing us over the shoals and quicksands of our own individuality, from the far but pleasant seas of the past, into the unknown and unfathomable ones of the future! But the present—where is it?—gone! fallen, like a star from its sphere; and we ask our hearts, but ask in vain, "Will it ever return?—will there ever again be a present for us?"

It was now the beginning of September, and Lord De Clifford had decided upon leaving Milan for Rome by the end of the month: they were to take Venice in their way, on account of Madame de A.'s ball. It seemed to Julia as if this ball was to be the last place where she would meet, where she would be with, Mowbray. Twenty times a day her lips repeated, "I hope it may; it is better that it should!" and then a chill ran through her veins, and a faintness stole over her, that seemed like the prelude to dissolution. It is one of the greatest punishments of illicit love, that it compels us to make a penthouse of our own hearts, for the two most corroding of human feelings—shame and sorrow. In all other afflictions we can claim and receive that

greatest of earthly anodynes—sympathy; but unlawful love is a parricide, that stabs the heart which gave it birth: it occasions a sort of personal civil war between our conscience and our affections; and, like all other civil wars, it generally ends in the destruction of our best interests.

In order to banish the ever-recurring remembrance of Mowbray, Julia had tried, but tried in vain, to elicit a word, a look, however transient, of kindness from her husband: if he had shown, or even affected to show, the slightest interest in her, she felt she could resolutely have banished every unworthy feeling from her heart. But no; he preferred every one's, or any one's society to hers: they had not a thought, a feeling in common. She felt herself a sort of human spider, whose destiny it was to extract poison from every thing. She had all the disadvantages without any of the advantages of marriage; for to the most humiliating neglect, Lord De Clifford contrived to unite the most harassing and degrading surveillance. As *his* wife, he thought no one could pay her sufficient respect; but to herself

individually, when he could separate her identity from her position, which he did with regard to his own family, no contempt was too offensive: the boundless laxity of his principles with regard to the privileges of his own sex, led him not only into a total disregard of her feelings, but into a disregard for all the *convenance* of society: provided it gave him pleasure, he thought it his wife's duty (!) to feel a rebound of delight at seeing him make love to another woman before her face; and, as is always the case with men who frame such a liberal code for themselves, his ideas of female propriety were narrow and arbitrary, in an inverse ratio.

Their child was no cement between them, for its father looked upon it in no other light than that of an additional expense in his establishment. But there are no feelings so hardening and demoralizing as egotism and selfishness; and Lord De Clifford had both pre-eminently. Egotism is indeed the theory of selfishness; and selfishness, the practice of that theory, about the only one, unfortunately, which human nature is infallible in carrying into action.

The night before they were to leave Milan, Julia had, with a weakness that is human (but for that reason not the more pardonable), made a collection of all the gloves and ribbons she had worn on the days and evenings she had passed with Mowbray, and all

> "Those token-flowers, which tell
> What words can never speak so well,"

which he had given her. She was ashamed and afraid that her maid should either see or suspect this transaction, and had therefore sealed them up herself, and was going to deposit them in her jewel-box in her dressing-room, when, at the head of the stairs, she met Beryl, looking as only ladies'-maids can look when they are "big with the fate of" hats, caps, blonds, and velvets, and the progress of their packing has been impeded by some unlucky "contretems."

"I'm sorry to say, my lady," said the irrate Abigail, "that, as usual, Mr. Herbert is with my lord in your dressing-room, smoking away, and spoiling every thing. I only just went down to supper (after Mr. Carlton had been up for me twice), and left the Imperial, with

all your court dresses in it, wide open, and the cap-case, with your Huguenot chip hat—and the two new Moabite turbans, from Herbault's, —all at sixes and sevens, not meaning to be away ten minutes—nor was I—for I never take a second glass of their nasty sour wine—and when I came up, I found my lord and Mr. Grimstone in full possession. I wish I'd had the sense to lock the door!"

"Never mind, Beryl; I'll go to Lord De Clifford's dressing-room."

"Oh, but there's no fire there, my lady, and you'll be perished. The chimney smokes so, one can't light a fire; that's the reason they're in your room. I've no patience with them," muttered Beryl, as she took the light out of Lady De Clifford's hand, and preceded her to little Julia's room.

"I've no patience with them; I call it quite undelicate like—always muddling and molly-coddling in a lady's dressing-room! But things *is* always ten times worse whenever Mr. Herbert's here."

"Thank you, Beryl, you may go," said Lady De Clifford, as she flung herself into a "ber-

gere" by her child's bedside; "I don't want you any more to-night."

"But, dear me, how ill you look, my lady! Pray let me get you something—a little salvolatile, or some arquebesade."

"No, nothing, thank you, Beryl; it's only a headach. I shall be better in the morning."

"I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea, so I do!" said Beryl to herself as she closed the door, "for teasing of her as they do. But it's all along of that wicked old woman—I know it is. But it will come home to her yet in some way or other, or my name is not Beryl; if it was only her conduct about poor Mary Lee."

When Julia was alone, she burst into a paroxysm of tears, as she knelt down to kiss her sleeping child. "Poor little thing!" said she, "have I not you to love me and to love? and what more love ought I to want? Thank God, that you are a girl, too! You will never neglect or desert me—you are my child! I have then something belonging to me—something to care for me, dearer even than Fanny. Happy Fanny! innocent Fanny! how you would blush for your unworthy sister, could you see into her

frail and erring heart! Oh! Father," continued she, passionately clasping her hands, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven, "pass away from me this great, this deadly sin; fill my heart with love of Thee only, and send down upon me thy grace, which has alone power to combat and to conquer the evil one within me!" The large hot tears that fell fast from Julia's eyes on the calm and velvet cheek of her sleeping child, caused the latter to stir; in doing so she opened and stretched out one of her little hands towards her mother. Child-like, she had gone to bed with a present Mowbray had given her, of a little Venetian chain and enamel watch. The design of the watch was two little angels' heads, with wings of brilliants and purple enamel, with the motto of "They will watch over you," encircling in a glory the angels' heads. She had clasped this trinket closely, but in opening her little hand it fell on her mother's bosom. The unhappy are always superstitious—for the same reason that a drowning wretch catches at a straw. Julia's eyes fell upon the words, "They will watch over you." To her excited feelings they seemed like a blessed and immediate

answer to her prayer; and the prayer of thanks her heart now offered up was more fervent even than that of supplication which the same heart had uttered a few minutes before. Among the many privileges granted to us by an all-wise and merciful Creator, that of prayer is unquestionably the greatest. Amid the flood-gates of light, opened to us in the scheme of our redemption, the commandment to pray is indisputably the brightest—for it is the passport the soul receives from above, without which it could have no chance of returning thither. Of the efficacy of prayer, none can doubt who have ever, through its medium, "cast their burden upon Him" who alone can lighten it; of its necessity all must be convinced, from the ejaculations of the most hardened and unbelieving: for no sooner do the waters of affliction close over their souls, than their first impulse is to call upon and appeal to their God. Like the drowning Peter, they cry "Help, Lord, or I perish!" and till the divine assistance is held out to them, the storm rages, and destruction seems inevitable, but, like the frail disciple, they no sooner ask than they obtain. The very act

of prayer, in itself, calms and mitigates the bitterest trials: for we feel that we are returning them to him who sent them, and if they are not suited to us, they will be removed, and if they are, he will enable us to bear them. What is so likely to restore the soul to that lost divinity, which the greatest of pagan philosophers so beautifully supposed it once to have possessed, as prayer, which is, in other words, an intercourse with God? Even if we had not the truths of revelation to commend it to us, we should still have the most pure and truth-like structure of philosophy to lure us to it; for, in the words of Schlegel, Plato imagined, that, "from an original and infinitely more lofty and intellectual state of existence, there remains to man a dark remembrance of divinity and perfection; and, further, that this inborn and implanted recollection of the Godlike, remains ever dark and mysterious: for man is surrounded by the sensible world, which, being in itself changeable and imperfect, encircles him with images of imperfection, changeableness, and error, and thus cast perpetual obscurity over that light which is within him." And

what is there so likely to lead the immortal link of our natures back to the severed chain of its divinity, as a constant communion with its eternal source? Gratitude should make the happy pray—alas! how seldom does it do so! But prayer is the only safety-valve of sorrow; the heart would break without it. If, then, prosperity and this world's good so chills and hardens the heart in its heavenward course, happy are they whose afflictions strike on their souls, like the rod of Moses on the rock, to make the living waters of their salvation gush forth! Julia rose up, a happier, and, she hoped, a better person; but, alas for human virtue! between its firmest resolves and the most trifling circumstances that surround it, it resembles the traveller in the fable of the "Sun and the Wind:" what force could never do, the merest trifle often achieves. Lady De Clifford had just made a solemn determination that she would not even think of Mowbray; she had taken her candle for the purpose of retiring to rest, and sleeping upon so good a resolution, when she heard her husband's voice, calling to her at the end of the gallery.

"Oh," said he, as soon as she had opened the door, "I wish you'd just write a line to Mowbray, and say we can take him to Venice to-morrow if he likes; there will be plenty of room, as my mother has her own carriage, and Fanny is going with Mrs. Seymour; and you may as well write a note to that poor devil De Rivoli, and say Herbert can take him."

Write to Monsieur De Rivoli — that was easy enough; but write to Mowbray!—Julia trembled like an aspen leaf. What would he think? What could he think but the truth, that she had obeyed her husband's orders? "How silly I am!" said she: "it is my own conciousness that makes it so formidable. Of course, he will scarcely look at the note, and won't know who it is written by—at least, I mean he'll forget it the next moment." This Julia felt was not true, and she blushed at her childish folly in trying to deceive herself. Three times she dipped the pen into the ink before she could make a beginning; and the third time she dropped the ink upon her hand. Macbeth could scarcely have felt more frightened at the drops of blood. At length she

began—"Lord De Clifford has begged of me to say"—but that did not do, she felt there ought to be a commonplace beginning; so she thus recommenced:—

"Dear Mr. Mowbray, Lord De Clifford has begged me to say, that he can take you to Venice to-morrow, for Madame De A.'s ball on Thursday; we leave this at one o'clock."

"Dear Mr. Mowbray, truly yours,

"JULIA DE CLIFFORD."

"Palazzo,

"Monday night."

When she had concluded this difficult epistle, the words looked like icicles to her; then again the "dear," and the "yours," looked too much, which occasioned another ten minutes' deliberation. The next precaution was to hunt for a plain seal—that done, the bell was at length rung, and the note dispatched; but not till Beryl had been re-called to wait while one was written to poor Monsieur de Rivoli, who would have found it difficult to believe that any woman in existence could have been guilty of

the bad taste of so totally forgetting him. When Julia's note reached the Albergo Reale, Mowbray had been in bed some time; but there is an extraordinary intuition about servants, which always makes them better acquainted with their master's and mistress's affairs than they are even themselves. Consequently, when Lady De Clifford's note was put into the hands of Mowbray's valet—without any fear of his master's just indignation for disturbing his slumbers, he instantly repaired with it to his bedside—not, however, before he had bestowed a hearty malediction upon those tiresome envelopes, "which prevent one finding out a single word in a letter till the seal is broken," and a "wonder that the gentlefolks should use them, now they *was got* so common."

"What's the matter, Sanford?" said Mowbray, starting up, awakened by the opening of the door.

"Beg your pardon—nothing, sir, only a note from Lady De Clifford—(for on such occasions, servants invariably announce the author of the credentials they present, however they contrive to find it out so accurately as they do)—only

a note from Lady De Clifford; and I did not know whether it required an answer."

"Quite right," said Mowbray, snatching it off the salver, as if he thought it had been contaminated by laying there so long. "Bring me the pen and ink, and a blotting-book, and wait in the next room till I call."

As soon as he was alone, he tore open the seal, but for full five minutes the words swam before his eyes so, he could not distinguish one from another. What a mysterious feeling is that which we experience upon beholding, for the first time, the writing of the person we love addressed to ourselves! However commonplace the subject and the words may be, yet to us they have a meaning and a mystery, the same words never had before, and never will have again: they are looked upon again and again, in every possible direction; we try to discover if our own names are written more clearly or more tremblingly than the rest, and in either case our hearts are satisfied with the omen. Even the paper is scrutinized to its very edges, as though we had never seen a sheet of paper before, or as if that sheet of paper must

of necessity be different and superior to any that had been previously made, like characters traced in milk, which are weak and invisible, till exposed to the heat of the fire: each time we gaze on this mysterious paper, the warmth of our own imagination brings out a force and a meaning that was imperceptible before; then every word is kissed as passionately as if it were the lips that could have uttered them. So long a time had elapsed, while Mowbray was thus employed, that Sanford reappeared unbidden, having had recourse to that expedient of all his order—"did you ring, sir?" At length Mowbray despatched the following answer:

"Will you, my dear Lady De Clifford, return De Clifford my best thanks for his kind offer of conveying me to Venice, of which (if I shall not crowd you) I shall be too happy to avail myself.

"Ever believe me,

"My dear Lady De Clifford,

"Most faithfully yours,

"AUGUSTUS MOWBRAY."

A few days before, anticipating at least a temporary separation from Julia, Mowbray had had a seal engraved, with the following motto:

L'absence est la mort,
Mais la memoire c'est
L'immortalité!

With this seal, he now sealed his note, and then passed the rest of the night in reading, and re-reading Lady De Clifford's little perfumed billet. What sweet links are perfumes, and music, in the chain of memory! how vividly do particular airs and odours recal to us particular persons, especially the latter! Who is there that has ever loved, who has not felt the truth of Ben Jonson's beautiful conceit of—

"I sent thee late a roseate wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered bee.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to mee:
Since when it growes, and smells, I sweare,
Not of itselfe, but thee!"

Beryl brought Lady De Clifford's chocolate at least an hour earlier on the following morning, and with it Mowbray's and Monsieur de

Rivoli's answer; half an hour after which, she knocked at the door of the bath-room, with a message from Lord De Clifford, to know what answer Mowbray and Monsieur de Rivoli had sent.

"Oh, they both come," said Julia. "Dear me, what have I done with Mr. Mowbray's note? I have mislaid it!" It was lucky for her that Beryl was employed in placing a pair of slippers on a "prie dieu," and throwing a "peignoir" on the back of it, or she must have perceived the crimson denial Lady De Clifford's cheeks gave to her words;—"but here is the other," continued she, handing over Monsieur de Rivoli's parallelogramish epistle, with its huge Cham of Tartary looking seal—the contents of which was in the following characteristic words:

"Ma chère Lady De Clifford,

"Heureux de vous plaire, je suis toujours à vos ordres.

"Votre toute dévouée,

"Charles de Rivoli."

Little Julia had begged of her mother to let her (as she expressed it) go and wish the poor

cathedral good by before they left Milan. Accordingly, as soon as she was dressed, they set out for it, leaving word, when the carriages were ready, to pick them up there. They had been for the last time to the top of the belfry, and were descending, when they met Mowbray and Monsieur de Rivoli, who having been to the palazza, had been told that Lady De Clifford had gone to the cathedral; and dreading that if they went in, they should be condemned to one of Herbert Grimstone's quintessence of self-conversations, (for, as Pope said of Gay, he "always laboured under a painful intenseness about his own affairs,") or else break in upon some of the Dowager Lady De Clifford's complicated travelling preliminaries, they decided upon not "walking in and sitting down," as they had been requested to do, but going "ex cathedra," to meet Lady De Clifford.

"I am so sorry," said she, "that you should have had the trouble of coming here."

"Nothing can be a trouble," said Mowbray, "which obtains for one the happiness of seeing you."

"'E vero vero!'" said a voice with a sigh;

the same voice and the same sigh that had so mysteriously responded to a remark of Mowbray's two months before, when he stood at the tomb of St. Carlos of Borromeo.

"How extraordinary," said he, "that that voice should always answer me, and in the very same words, too, whenever I come here! and still more that those words should be always 'à-pro-pos!'"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Monsieur de Rivoli; "it is de Italian echo of de old Lady De Clifford's *varee just observation*, 'voila tout mon cher!'"

"Oh! what a darling little bird," cried little Julia, pointing to one that sat in a nook of the stairs, "and what bright eyes it has!"

"E vero vero!" repeated the bird, as it flew upon the child's shoulder.

"I am delighted that the mystery is solved," said Mowbray, "for I was growing quite superstitious and unhappy; but," added he, securing the bird, "you are now a prisoner from this day—not that I would rob you of your liberty, without giving you a still greater blessing. Lady De Clifford, will you take care of this poor little starling?"

Julia took the bird, and placed it in her bosom till she could get a cage for it.

" Ah, quel doux esclavage, çela val bien la liberté !" said Monsieur de Rivoli.

" E vero vero," again echoed the bird.

" Ah ! I have to tank you for your aimable *poulet* of dis morning, Lady De Clifford."

Julia laughed, and seeing that Mowbray looked at Monsieur de Rivoli rather indignantly for the term he had made use of, she said,

" I wonder what the origin of the word poulet was, as applied to a note ?"

" C'étoient autrefois en Italie," said Monsieur de Rivoli, " les vendeurs de poulets, qui portoient les billets-doux aux femmes ; ils glissoient le billet sous l'aîle du plus gros, et la dame avertie ne manquoit pas de le prendre ; mais ce menage ayent été découvert ; le premier messager d'amour qui fut pris, fut puni par l'estrapade, avec des poulets vivants attachés aux pieds. Depuis ce temps, poulet est synonyme à billet-doux."*

* The above derivation is to be found in M. Le Mercier's very agreeable work, abounding in philosophical acumen and just views, entitled, " Tableau de Paris," published at Am-

"So that, in fact," said Mowbray, "there has always been *fowl* play towards the Marito's."

"Ah, quel ca'embourg atroce, c'est vraiment digne de Saville," said Monsieur de Rivoli, as he set off with little Julia, who had found her way into the street in full chase after a butterfly. Mowbray and Lady De Clifford followed slowly after; neither of them speaking, till the latter, seeing the carriages approaching, and her husband and brother-in-law in the first one, consciousness made her speak. So, turning to Mowbray, she said, "Which part of Italy do you like the best?"

He raised his eyes from the ground, and looking full in Julia's, said in a low voice, "Madame de Sevigné says in one of her letters to her daughter, 'Toute içi brille encore des souvenirs de vous!'" And then added in a louder and more disembarassed voice, just as Lord De Clifford's dormeuse drove up, and

sterdam, 1783. The author adds, like a true Frenchman, "Les commis ambulants de la petite poste, en porte et rapportent sans cesse; mais une cire fragile et respecté tient sous le voil ces secrets amoureux, *le mari prudent n'ouvre jamais les billets addressés à sa femme*!"

Herbert Grimstone jumped out, "*I* like Milan the best." Close in the rear, followed the Dowager Lady De Clifford's travelling vehicle, which greatly resembled a small, black, square packing case upon wheels; on the top of which was strapped a round black leather muff box; and on the top of that, a large parrot's cage; thereby presenting a most peléon-upon-ossa-like appearance; in the small coal-scuttle looking rumble, sat Mrs. Frump, in a brown beaver bonnet and green veil; a neat Manchester cotton gown, and shawl to match, with a further shelter of a rough, brown, mangy looking bear-skin boa: at her side, roosted Mr. Croaker, her ladyship's butler; whom, like Madame Duval with Monsieur du Bois in 'Evelina,' she "never went nowhere without." Inside sat her ladyship, in a bottle-green cloth habit, studded with flat green cloth ipecacuana lozenge looking buttons; but the reverse of the Alps, who have summer at their base, and winter at their summit, her ladyship terminated, in a light lavender coloured silk bonnet, and a green veil.

"Well, my dears," said she, stretching her head out of the window, and addressing her two

sons, "how do you mean to go?" As she spoke, Mamselle D'Antoville (who sat beside her, in vain trying to quiet a little corpulent, asthmatic one-eye'd pug, whom "slumber soothed not, pleasure could not please!") cast a look at Lord De Clifford, as much as to say "For goodness sake get me out of this?" Whereupon Herbert fraternally stepped forward and said, bowing, and gallantly taking his mothers hand—

"My dear Mamma, if you will kindly give me a seat in your carriage, I should prefer going with you."

"My dear I should be very glad; but a —Momselle, and you—see my carriage is so small."

"Oh, mi ladi, I would not for de world prevent Mr. Grimstone to come in; I am greatly oblige for your kindness to take me so far."

"A close carriage makes Mademoiselle ill, I know." Said Lord de Clifford, stepping forward, and assisting his Dulcinea to descend.

"In that case," said her ladyship in her blandest tone, "I should be *vaustly* sorry that *Momselle* should remain, however I may regret the loss of her company."

As soon as Mademoiselle had safely alighted, Herbert prepared to take her place; whereupon his amiable parent, with all the tender anxiety of a mother, fearing (as he was only three and thirty), that he would not be able to get in with no other assistance than that of his own servant, who stood at the door, cried out "Croaker! Croaker! be so good as to help Mr. Herbert,—Frump! Frump! how can you be so *vaustly* stupid; why dont you get down, don't you see Mr. Herbert a going to get into the carriage." While her ladyship was making these maternal arrangements, Lord De Clifford had handed Mademoiselle D'Antoville into his phaeton, and seated himself beside her; consequently, it only remained for his wife to take possession of the britchka, with her child, Mowbray, and M. De Rivoli, which she accordingly did. The parrot, getting impatient of delay, now began to exert its lungs, and cry

"Make haste! make haste! you are so *vaustly* stupid."

"What a devilish clever bird that is of yours, my dear mamma," said Herbert Grimstone, almost deafened with its scream.

"Very just observation," responded the parrot.

"I declare it's downright witty," said Herbert with a forced laugh. But the parrot did not like to be laughed at, so it began to scream louder than before.

"Croaker! Croaker!" in her turn screamed the dowager; "bring down the cage, and put it into Lady De Clifford's carriage. The fact is," said she, turning towards Julia, "I brought it, Lady De Clifford, thinking it might be an agreeable addition to the little *gurl*,—pretty dear!—Polly's very pretty, isn't she?"

"I hate it," said the child; "pray don't send it here:" but her words were lost in the sound of her grandmother's chariot wheels, while Monsieur de Rivoli's voice was heard above them, and even above the cracking of all the postilions' whips, exclaiming, "Mais diable! vous avez des drolles idées de l'agréable vous!"

CHAPTER XII.

A young author was reading a tragedy to Monsieur Piron, who soon discovered that he was a great plagiarist. The poet, perceiving Piron very often pulled off his hat at the end of a line, asked him the reason. "I cannot pass a very old acquaintance." replied the critic, "without that civility."

"Friends and comrades of mine,"
He exclaimed, "as a sign,
While I slept, has come o'er me a dream all divine.
It has warn'd me how far from the vessels we lie,
And that some one should go for fresh force to apply."
DR. MAGINN'S *Homeric Ballads*.—No. 4.—THE CLOAK.

THE next evening found the whole party assembled in the little "cabaret" at Fusina, grumblingly awaiting the arrival of the gondolas to convey them to Venice, and the gentlemen unanimously consigning their respective

couriers to the tender mercies of the nether powers, for not being there with the boats before them.

The ladies, as is generally the case, were more resigned to their fate. Mowbray had stuffed his travelling-cap into a broken window, to guard Julia from cold; while Saville, with equal solicitude, had converted his cloak into tapestry for a broken door, to prevent an invasion of the winds, lest Fanny should share the fate of Orithyas, and be run away with by Boreas. Mademoiselle D'Antoville sat in a window-seat, recruiting her spirits with "le moindre supçon d'eau de vie." Beside her sat Lord De Clifford, like Jupiter in Olympus, surrounded by clouds—of smoke, which he was puffing from a meerschaum, emblazoned with the loves of Charlotte and Werter. Little Julia had formed a "parti quarrée" with Prince, Zoe, and Tiney. Monsieur de Rivoli was trying to obtain a satisfactory glance of as much of his own face as was recognizable in a three-inch triangular piece of looking-glass, which gleamed from a brown paper frame, that formed a modest "bas relieve" to the white-

washed wall. Herbert Grimstone was stretched upon some carpet bags at his mother's feet (deep in the study of his own work upon Timbuctoo); that amiable lady having taken the precaution to convert Mrs. Frump's Manchester shawl into a chair-cushion, thereby effectually guarding herself from the dangerous results of any sedentary damp or cold which she might otherwise have been exposed to. Her next precaution was to tuck up her habit, and so reveal a neat, white, dimity petticoat, and a very judicious pair of cotton stockings and black leather shoes, which, with the feet they contained, were deposited in Frump's lap, who had received orders to take up her "lodging on the cold ground," and exemplify the ups and downs of life by a gentle friction of her ladyship's ankles.

At a respectful, but convenient, distance, stood very perpendicularly, with his back against the wall, that enduring individual Croaker; his mistress's clogs and the parrot's cage in one hand, while with the other he pressed to his manly breast, Snap, her ladyship's canine favourite, around whose neck,

with a benevolence which, as she herself would have said, "did credit to her head and hort," she had tied a scarlet worsted comfortable, that formed an enlivening contrast to the drab density of the animal's natural complexion; notwithstanding which, it was blinking and shivering in all the neutralities of a demi-slumber, its nose pushed into the protecting bosom of Croaker, who generally acted as dry-nurse when Frump was otherwise engaged.

Mrs. Seymour, having no "*particulier*," had seated herself on a table just above Herbert Grimstone, and was now in her turn beginning to complain of the bore of being kept waiting so long.

"I wish I had something to do!" said she, "for it is by no means pleasant to be kept here all night, congugating the verb."

"Would you like to read?" said Herbert Grimstone, kindly offering her his own interesting work on Timbuctoo.

"Thank you," said she, declining the proffered volume, "for reminding me that absence of evil is good."

Herbert bit his lip, and accidentally on purpose let the, in every sense of the word, *heavy* book fall upon Mrs. Seymour's pretty little foot, that was swinging like the pendulum of a clock, backwards and forwards.

"Well, that is one way of making your book go down, at all events," said Fanny, as she ran to rub Mrs. Seymour's foot.

"To say nothing of making one feel what he writes," laughed Mrs. Seymour, in the midst of her pain.

"Ah, I now see de reason le pauvre petit has look so sorry de whole route," whispered Monsieur de Rivoli to Mrs. Seymour.

"Pourquoi?" said she.

"Why, do you not recollect, une foi quand Voltaire a pris l'air triste, and his friends not know for what Madame du Châtelet say to dem, 'Vous ne le devineriez pas; pourquoi Monsieur de Voltaire est si triste, mais je le sais. Depuis trois semaines, on ne s'entretient dans Paris que de l'exécution de ce fameux voleur, mort avec tant de fermeté; cela ennui M. de Voltaire, à qui l'on ne parle plus de sa

tragédie; il est jaloux du roué!"* and we have talk of nothing but de 'bal costumée,' and never once mention le petit Herbert's malheureux Timbuctoo!"

Herbert hearing his own name, accompanied with a suppressed laugh, bent forward and inquired in his most piano voice if Monsieur de Rivoli had been speaking of him? To do the French justice, they never like to hurt people's feelings, and therefore what we term insincerity is in their character nothing more than a practical illustration of their own very clever caricatures, entitled "ce qu'on dit et ce qu'on pense;" so he, without the least hesitation, replied,

"I was only saying, my dear fellow, dat you were like Voltaire."

"How so?" asked Herbert, with a mixed

* Before the first French revolution, the word "roué" was applied to all notorious characters, such as thieves, pick-pockets, vagabonds, and murderers; and not confined to the sense in which it is now used, as applied to a libertine, though the word was used in that sense also, with the true French addition and distinction of the word "aimable," "un roué-aimable," meaning a libertine par excellence, in contra-distinction to a simple vagabond.

expression of pleasure and resentment; for his vanity led him to believe that nothing but his extraordinary talents could induce any one to class him with Voltaire, whilst his ears put a much truer, but less flattering construction upon the laugh he had heard.

"Parceque," replied Monsieur de Rivoli, pointing to the dowager, (whose head was luckily turned the other way, as she was in the act of rummaging in a large black bag for one of Mr. Tymmons's bill of costs, which she had selected as an agreeable companion in a post-chaise) "parceque vous êtes devant l'âge qui vous fit naître!"

"Devilish good, indeed!" said Herbert, who in his eagerness to grasp at the shadow of a compliment, totally lost the substance of the irony; "but you *are* so witty, my dear fellow."

"Les prêtres ne sont point ce qu'un vain peuple pense;
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science,"

muttered Monsieur de Rivoli, as he turned away to hide the smile he could not suppress, and which was communicated like electric fluid to the mouths of every one present, except those of Herbert, his mother, and brother. Next to his own matchless work on "Timbuc-

too," Herbert Grimstone's favourite topic was modern French literature. There were two reasons for this partiality: first, the obscene trash and inconceivable horrors that are hourly nightmared in French garrets, and assume a "local habitation and a name" from the Parisian press unaffectedly charmed him, not only from the matter they contained being perfectly suited to his calibre of morality, but because the intellect they evinced acted as a sort of soothing syrup to the painful and feverish dentition of his vanity: in reading them, he felt that he too was a genius—that he too could write! Therefore, instead of flinging down the book with the pettish and "nil admirare" exclamation of "this fellow," or "this woman is deucedly overrated," which invariably followed his turning over the leaves of any of the standard writers of his own country, he always felt inclined, after the perusal of the pink and yellow covered gnome-inspired trash, so lauded by "la jeune France," to become, in his own person, an additional "ignis fatuus" on the charnel altars of modern French literature; but his chief reason arose from the pleasure and superiority he felt in talking before ladies of what they could pos-

sibly know nothing about; for, thank Heaven, except through the warning pages of the "Quarterly Review," the very titles of these books are unknown to our countrywomen—a circumstance which, doubtless, gave rise to a rather severe philippic against their ignorance, in Herbert Grimstone's valuable work on "Timbuctoo," where discussing the state of the universe at large, past, present, and future, he naturally and patriotically makes a sort of semicolon stop at England; and there takes occasion to lament, that the uneducated ignorance of English ladies (!) prevented their having any conversational powers.

Nationally speaking, none can pretend to assert, that they have either the wit of a De Sevigné, or the philosophy of a De Staël, to give that depth to their thoughts, and that brilliancy to their words, which raises conversation to a science—the science, "par excellence," in which our Gallic neighbours so pre-eminently excel. Neither are English women, it must be confessed, so "au fait," or rather, so "au courant," to every billet the march of intellect daily makes, whether on countries or on individuals; but other reasons may be assigned for

this, more correct than either ignorance or incapacity. It is one of the most incontrovertible axioms in political economy, that the greater the demand for an article is, the greater the means of its supply become.

We have only to extend this principle to human intellect, (with regard to which it holds equally good) and the enigma of English womens' deficiencies in conversational powers, is solved at once. On the tree of knowledge, as cultivated in England, women are taught to look upon politics, science, statistics, and mathematics, as so many grafts of forbidden fruit; and hence the eternal, not very gallant, query of the other sex, of "What can women know about such things?" for Englishmen seem to think, that the nearest approach to perfection in a wife is to be found alone in those women who are the best possible imitations of automatons; and that ignorance is not only the most complete guard to virtue, but that it is also the best safety-valve for vice. In England, there is an inverse ratio of false pretences; for no young gentleman, fresh from college, who, after having gained the greasy suffrages of the great unwashed of some metro-

politan borough, through his dulcifluous anathemas against all existing laws, ever laboured more indefatigably to appear Cicero, Lycurgus, and Aristides, all in one, than does an English woman of common sense to appear as ignorant, and consequently as inoffensive, as the most fastidious censor of female attributes could wish.

Englishmen politely banish rational conversation in female society, as being beyond the comprehension of their pro-tempore companions; and as, twenty years ago, the generality of grown persons invariably spoke to children as if they thought them fools, and so often *made* them that which they had supposed, the same effect from the same cause (despite the march of intellect), may sometimes be produced upon adults now. I have often remarked, too, that if a woman ventures to evince any "esprit de corps," and, in defence of the depreciated intellect of her sex, triumphantly brings to her defence the names of an Edgeworth, a De Staël, a More, a Carter, a D'Acier, a Montague, a Bailey, a Martineau, a Gore, &c. &c., some supercilious pedant of the other sex instantly tries to silence her by a contempt-

tuous smile, and an "All very clever, certainly! but women want that profundity which must ever prevent their attaining any eminence in science!" In time past, Novella, of Bologna, and several others, are again urged, and, for the present, the name of Somerville is declared, with just and heart-felt pride, not only as having equalled, but distanced the lords of the creation in their own course; and, oh! triumph of triumphs! while astonishing and benefiting the world, by discoveries in science which even the more clear and subtile powers of masculine intellect had hitherto failed to make, this gifted and extraordinary lady (if report speaks truly) contrives to fulfil, unerringly and unceasingly, every duty and every amenity that comes within the narrower but not less important precincts of a woman's sphere, quite as well and as meekly as though she had been the most ignorant and illiterate of her sex. But at the mention of this illustrious name, the sceptical coxcomb, being changed into the defeated bully, dexterously changes the conversation: the reason is obvious —as Berenice was the only woman in Greece

allowed to witness the Olympic games, so Mrs. Somerville is the only woman in Europe who has dared (and who in daring has succeeded) to penetrate into the mysterious arena of science, hitherto monopolised by the other sex, and, consequently, like her Athenian prototype, they are determined to punish her by alluding to the singular intrusion as little as possible; but I, for one, sincerely hope that their impotent spite will not deter her from pursuing her glorious privilege.

It may be urged, that Mrs. Somerville is "the exception that proves the rule:" in reply to which I would ask, how many male ignoramuses go to a Bacon, a Newton, and a Locke? though, being men, they have had equal advantages of education with the illustrious trio just named. In France, on the contrary, "les femmes se mêle de tout;" and I firmly believe that the Salique law only exists because Frenchmen prefer being governed by a republic of women, instead of delegating sovereign power to *one*. From Moliere's old woman up to a Roland or a De Staël, they are made umpires in literature, politics, and the fine arts; and if France has

produced more heroic women than England, it is not because they have naturally nobler natures than English women, but because patriotism is not with them, as with us, exclusively inculcated as a masculine virtue, or set apart as one of man's many unshared privileges.

Women in France are allowed to feel as great an interest, because they have as great a stake, in their native country, as the sons of the soil. Nothing can more completely exemplify the genius of the two nations, as regards the estimation in which women are held, as the zoological distinction of "females," under which the greatest ladies in the land are classed with us: while, in France, the very fishwomen are "les dames de la hale." A French scavenger is as polite and as much "au petit soin" to an apple-woman as a French Duke would be to a duchesse; for the apple-woman is still a "dame" for him: whereas, see the same apple-woman in England, and the odds are, the first man she meets will purposely jostle against her, and when he has succeeded in rolling her and her fruit into the kennel, will indulge in a horse-laugh at her misfortunes.

The lower class of English women wait upon their lords and masters, and perform for them offices of manual labour which would convince a South-Sea savage how remiss his squaw was in the wifely virtues of industry and endurance. It is true, that the upper class of wives are, of necessity, exempt from *this* species of humiliation; but it is also true, that their degradation and subjection only assumes a different form and manner: inferiority is still the unmistakeable badge of the order. With us, the luxurious expenditure of a man is "de rigure," while the mere necessaries of a woman are furnished by accidental and fortunate superfluities. The extravagance of fathers and sons is always to be atoned for by the economy, privations, and self-denials of mothers and daughters.

English women have but one privilege—they may devote their lives to the education, welfare, and care of their children, without ever being able to obtain one single conventional or legal right over them, while the father, be his vices what they may, or his neglect ever so unnatural, still possesses, by our wise and moral laws, the whole and sole control over the un-

fortunate little beings who may be destined to feel all the disadvantages of his power, without reaping any of the benefits of his protection.

They manage these things, if not better, at least more gallantly in France: even the "menage au quatreienne," conducted on three hundred a year, still finds madame enveloped in a cashmere, while a point lace veil adorns her bonnet, "lest the winds of heaven should visit her face too roughly." Not only at Long Champ, but for the ordinary "demarches" to St. Cloud, Fontainbleau, &c., a remise is always at her command, while her considerate spouse is content, as far as his own costume goes, to make "*boue de Paris*" the prevailing colour. That martial arrangements should ever reach this perfectionized state in England, is a Utopian vision, far beyond the dreams of hope; even a "juste milieu," it is to be feared, with us can never exist, for in a country where there is such a superfluity of clubs, there must of necessity be a deficet of cashmeres!

But to return: Herbert Grimstone had had the satisfaction of descanting upon a series of

works, unknown to every lady present; for which reason Monsieur de Rivoli (the person whom he had especially addressed himself to), with the good-breeding of his country, had made several ineffectual efforts to turn the conversation, and had even been sufficiently "rococo" to assert boldly that he did not think Victor Hugo so great a genius as Racine, or that there was any danger of George Sand's un-pedestaling the Cotins, Sevignes, Daciers, and Despinasses of the olden time. So, finding the pulse of the audience favourable to Monsieur de Rivoli's side, he kindly resolved to meet them on their own narrow ground, poor things! and talk to them of such minor stars as Chateaubrand and Madame de Staël! Therefore, politely addressing his sister-in-law across the room, he said, with a pitiful smile,

"I think, my dear Julia, you like nothing but religious books, which I assure you the French are by no means incapable of writing: for instance, what can be more high-wrought, indeed almost canting, than "Corinne," "Mathilde," and "Atala?"

Fanny and Mrs. Seymour laughed outright

at Mr. Herbert Grimstone's ideas of religious books, and Julia very nearly did the same as she replied, "I cannot agree with you in thinking any of those religious books, and the religious aphorisms and exclamations—for I know not what else to call them—which are scattered through them, are rather offensive than otherwise; what I mean is, the sentiments of religion are brought into such profane contact with some of the worst actions of human passion, that in reading them, one experiences the same revolting sensation, that one might be supposed to feel, if one saw 'Romeo and Juliet' acted at one end of a cathedral, whilst the bishop was preaching on the Atonement at the other. Indeed, the only time Madame de Stael's genius ceases to be omnipresent, and, as far as the heart goes omniscient, is when she leaves the Parthenon for the simple but mysterious altars of Christianity; and then I always think with that most charming woman, 'Mrs. Blackwood,' that

> "'Tis a pity when charming women
> Talk of things which they don't understand."

With Chateaubriand it is otherwise; his is a more soul-taught theology—st ill I cannot say

I like those mosaics of love and religion, like the 'Atala,' where love is the 'pietro dura,' and religion the cement which first serves to unite, and eventually to separate them."

Julia was proceeding when a frown from her husband, expressive of astonishment at her daring so boldly to assert her opinions, and disapprobation at her presuming to differ from his brother, effectually stopped her.

"Oh! I understand," said Herbert, with a smile more of contempt and less of compassion than his former one: "you like the whole thing to be about religion; some people do. Now, here is a pamphlet, which has made a great noise in France," said he, drawing the Abbé de Lamennais' "Paroles d'un Croyant" out of his pocket, "and is, I should think, just the sort of thing you would like."

"I have read it, and do not like it at all," said Julia, coldly.

"What is it, my dear?" inquired the Dowager Lady De Clifford.

"Why, my dear mamma," said Herbert, knitting his brows thoughtfully, and assuming a solemn tone of voice, "it is a very admirable

work on religion, by a very distinguished French Abbé. It is called 'The Words of a Believer.' I've had it in my pocket ever since the day I bought it."

"I'm sure, my dear, it does great credit to your head and *hort* to carry such good books about you; and every one must admire you for it *vaustly*."

"My dear mamma," said this dutiful son, kissing his exemplary parent's hand, in the performance of which filial evolution, he considerably endangered Frump's frictionary equilibrium, and nearly reduced her to a horizontal position; "my dear mamma, if *you* do, *that* is quite sufficient for *me*."

"Really," said Mrs. Seymour to Monsieur de Rivoli, "that little animal is quite disgusting, and I have a great mind to tell him so."

"Bah! bah! laisser lui donc son costume de famille ça lui sied, c'est sous cette livrée qu'il dois parler, sans rien dire, déraisonner agréablement sur tout, et étaler les graces de sa profonde ignorance!"

"I believe you are right," said Mrs. Sey-

mour. "But what on earth is that?" continued she, looking towards the window, to which the whole party now crowded, to behold a sight somewhat out of the common.

Half a dozen gondolas were rapidly approaching to the landing-place, the foremost of which had some unusual decorations, consisting of a rocking-horse, strapped outside on the top of it; an umbrella, in proud rotundity, was spread before the entrance; a red carpet bag obtruded from one window, while over the other hung a ham and two dried tongues, divided by a tin teakettle, and a pair of beefsteak tongs. This culinary-looking flotilla at length anchored; and from it issued two figures, the first, in size and colour, not unlike a hippopotamus, having on a dark, shapeless Indian-rubber coat, a black boa coiled several times round its throat, an Indian-rubber travelling-cap, shaped like a melon with a slice cut out of it, and ears comfortably tied under the chin. The blue goggles that gleamed from the upper part of the wearer's face, made no bad representation of the antediluvian animal's eyes.

Under the arm of "the stout gentleman,"

for such it turned out to be, was a small portfolio, and in his hand was a blue cardboard hatbox, ornamented with pink bordering.

No sooner had he landed, than, lo! another mass of human flesh emerged from the gondola; but, though of equal magnitude, its exterior was very different. A blanket-coat, with dark horn buttons, the size of half-crowns, enveloped "the last man," which, when "turned aside" by the passing gale, displayed a pair of Russia ducks, evidently of the most republican principles, as they scorned the legitimate restraint of straps, and consequently had departed far from the allegiance due to a pair of Wellington boots, which must have been made out of some singularly unfortunate dog's, as it was easy to see that they had never had their *Day* (and Martin!) A red Belcher graced the throat of this individual; and a black, broadish-brimmed hat crowned this portly personage. His ample cheeks flowed as it were over the red Belcher, in perfect incognito, under favour of the same colours: in his right hand he held a papier machée snuff-

box, with a fox-hunt on it; and in his left the last Galignani.

"Why, by all that's ubiquitous, there's Nonplus!" cried Saville. He had scarcely uttered this assertion, when the latch was raised, and the major entered, towing the other "stout gentleman" after him.

Your most obedient, ladies and gentleman," said the former, removing the aforesaid sleepless Golgotha from his head. "Thought I'd wing you to a minute? Those couriers of yours wanted to be here two hours ago, and I would not let them—no use paying the gondolas all that while—old soldier—no humbugging me!"

"For which reason," said Saville, "you thought fit to hum us: for we have been here these last two hours, collecting appetites that I'm very sure no albergo in Venice can satisfy."

"Ah, Saville, my boy, how do?" said the major, for the first time espying him, and extending two of his stumpy, freckled, sausage-looking fingers; "but I want," continued he totally disregarding the veracity of Saville's reproaches—"I want to accommodate all my

friends, if I can. Now, there's this good gentleman, Monsieur Barbouiller—Monsieur Barbouiller, my Lord and my Lady De Clifford; '*le feu*,' Lady de Clifford (pointing to the dowager); '*sa petit fils*' (aiming another finger at Herbert); Madame Seymour, 'tout le monde,'" concluded the major, making a sort of circular bob of the head. "Tout le monde, Monsieur Barbouiller, homme d'affaires—de lettres, I mean—no offence, monsieur, for the 'homme d'affaires has letters of credit, you know, so I'm not sure that he hasn't the best of it; for the £ *s. d.* are worth all the other letters in the alphabet, to my mind. Well, what was I going to say? All these introductions have put it out of my head. Oh—ah—this good gentleman here, Monsieur Barbouiller, is in a great hurry to get to Padua; so, having fished out from your couriers that Seymour was going there, I seized him, just as he was sitting down to his solitary cutlet, after a twenty-four hours' fast (for he has been travelling night and day), feeling assured Seymour would give him a place in his carriage, to save time, and also be good enough to convey a few English delicacies to my friend

Tompkins, and a few toys to the children, as he writes me word that Padua produces nothing but learned men, skeletons, and surgical instruments, none of which can be conveniently turned into food, you know. But where is Seymour all this while?"

"At Padua," replied Mrs. Seymour, with a gravity that put an end to every one else's—"where he has been since ten o'clock this morning."

The major gave one long shrill whistle, and then deposited his tongue in the corner of his right cheek, where it remained silent for two minutes. The ill-fated Monsieur Barbouiller shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows considerably above the rampart of his purple goggles, and uttered in a gentle tone, between a sigh and a tear, "Mon pauvre poulet à la Tartar! pourquoi vous ai-je quitter?"

Poor Monsieur Barbouiller, maugre his lilac goggles, had, like all Frenchmen, that innate tact which prevented him ever being "de trop" when people had paired off; so, casting a disconsolate glance round the room, he perceived that the Dowager Lady De Clifford was alone,

unprovided with an escort; and with the look of a martyr, and the step of a hero, gallantly made three strides forward, and led on the forlorn hope of his politeness, by throwing himself into the breach between her and Croaker, and offering her his arm.

Now, it so happened, that her ladyship (as a gentleman of my acquaintance once wittily observed of a similarly gifted individual) had an amazing talent for resisting languages; consequently, French, Italian, and German, in their relative positions to her conversational powers, stood on the same side as Hebrew, Greek, and Algebra; therefore, having taken possession of the proffered limb, and in her usual business-like manner, given a receipt for the same, in the dulcet sounds of "mercy, monseer!" she escaped from further coloquy with the unfortunate reviewer, by discharging a volley of "pretty dears!" at her pug and parrot. But Herbert Grimstone, who always sniffed out a reviewer with bloodhound keenness, joined him on the other side; and placing his left hand gracefully in his bosom (a favorite attitude of his), and brandishing Timbuctoo in his right,

he entered graciously, or rather obsequiously, into conversation with the doomed critic; and, notwithstanding Lord Chesterfield's admonition, "Never to talk to a man of his calling," he started from the post, plunging at once into literature in general, and periodical literature in particular—then lauding Monsieur Barbouiller's review, not only as the best in France, but in Europe; though, at the moment, he was unaware even of the name of the review he so much admired; and least of all was he aware that it was the infernal machine, and Monsieur Barbouiller the remorseless Fieski, who had so completely béchamelled his invaluable work upon Timbuctoo, especially that part of it abounding in mis-statements about France.

However, upon making the discovery at a subsequent period, he consoled himself with this pithy reflection, "Barbouiller will think me a devilish high-minded, magnanimous fellow, and it must conciliate him for the future!" Alas! for the unsophisticated innocence of Mr. Herbert Grimstone, who was not lapidary enough to know, that however good dinners may and *do* have the effect, soft words never

yet smoothed down the stony ruggedness of reviewers' hearts.

Thus luxuriating in this delightful conversation, or rather oration, (for the poor Frenchman had not uttered a syllable), the trio proceeded to the place of embarkation; Monsieur Barbouiller, for the first time roused into speech by one of those anti-ambrosial odours so rife along the shores of the Adriatic, exclaimed, just as Herbert Grimstone was quoting his own pet passage upon statistics from Timbuctoo, "Oh, c'est épouvantable!" Monsieur de Rivoli, who was close behind, and had witnessed the whole scene, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and pushing Monsieur Barbouiller's shoulder, cried, "A-pro-pos, mon cher!" while Herbert, as usual on the wrong scent, where the joke was against himself, chimed in with "'Pon my soul, it's dreadful!" while his amiable parent presented the distressed critic with some eau de Cologne, which she persisted in calling *Hungry water.*

"Non, a tousand tank, madame," said that unfortunate gentleman, "but I quite hungery enough; I should tink all de water here was

hungery, for dere no fish in dis maudit mer, I can get none all de time I at Venice." Here his deserted poulet à la Tartare flitting across his imagination, Monsieur Barbouiller closed his eyes and relapsed into silence with a sigh. Having reached the gondolas, a debate arose as to how they were to be freighted; upon which, Major Nonplus, with his usual active zeal for making people comfortable, suggested that as Mumsell De Dontoville, as he called her, was French, she would find it much pleasanter to go with Monsieur Barbouiller than any one else; but Lord De Clifford, flinging at him a look all dignity and daggers, handed her into the nearest boat and seated himself beside her; whereupon the major, as was his wont upon discovering one of his own blunders, pushed up his eyebrows, pursed up his mouth in order to execute a whistle, and giving Monsieur de Rivoli a dig with his forefinger in that gentleman's left ribs, said in a stage whisper, "Whew! I suppose he thinks her virtue would not be safe with such a fascinating fellow as my friend Blue Goggles—ha! ha! ha!"

"Non—dat cannot be," said Monsieur de

Rivoli, as he handed Mrs. Seymour into the last gondola, the rest of the party having rowed off "car quar amissa salva."

"Bravo! bravo! go it my hearty," said the major, with a commendatory slap on the back; "really, for a Frenchman, you are a monstrous clever fellow!"

No sooner was the little flotilla under weigh, than Herbert Grimstone returned to the charge, having misquoted some of the songs of Tasso, to "suit the word to the action." He re-opened Timbuctoo at a parallel between Dante and Petrarch, taking Monsieur Barbouiller's closed eyes and folded arms for unequivocal symptoms of profound attention, which were in reality but the effects caused by the disagreeable motion of the gondola, in juxta position with twenty-four hours' abstinence. "However," continued Herbert, reading as follows, "'The gratification of knowing, and asserting the truth, and of being able to make it resound even from their graves, is so keen as to out-balance all the vexations to which the life of men of genius is generally doomed, not so much by the coldness and envy of

mankind, as by the burning passions of their own hearts. This sentiment was a more abundant source of comfort to Dante than to Petrarch,* of which we have proof in the following lines:

"'Mentre ch' i' era a Virgilio Congiunto,
Super lo monte, che l'anime cura,
E discendendo nel mondo defunto,
Dette mi fur di mia vita futura
Parole gravi; arvegnach 'io mi senta
Ben tetragono a i colpi di ventura.

Ben Veggio, padre mio, si come sprona
So tempo verso me, per colpo darmi
Tal, ch'è più grave a chi più s'abbandòna;
Perchè de Providenza è buon ch'io m'armi.
O Sacrosante Vergini! se fami,
Freddi, o Vigilie, mai per voi soffersi,
Cagion mi sprona ch' io mercè ne chiami,
Oh convien ch' Elicona per me versi,
Ed Urania m'aguti col suo coro
Forti cose a pensar mettere in versi.
E s'io al hero son timedo amico
Tempo di perder vita tra coloro
Che questo tempo chiameranno Antico.'"

Here Herbert paused for applause, and here Monsieur Barbouiller doffed his blue goggles, opened one eye very widely, and darted a glance

* A parallel between Dante and Petrarch by Ugo Foscolo.

like an optical Columbus into Herbert's "lac lustre" orbs; but discovering nothing there, he calmly observed with a slight inclination of the head, "Dose ver fine line of Dante, and dat most just critique of Ugo Foscolo dat go before dem."

"D—d the fellow! what a memory he has," thought Mr. Herbert Grimstone, as he closed his invaluable work on Timbuctoo, and followed Monsieur Barbouiller's example of shutting his eyes and folding his arms, just adding by way of anodyne this protocol to his thoughts—"I wonder what the fellow's politics are, for I should like to show him my pamphlet on the present administration."

"Heavens! what will not those falsehood-mongers, the poets, have to answer for," said Saville, looking out upon the sea, as they turned into the canal on which the St. Leone Bianco was situated, "for all the lies they have told about streams

"'Rushing in bright tumults to the Adrian sea.'"

For a dirtier—dingier—more ill-conditioned ooking set of waters I never beheld!"

"Ma fois oui," cried Monsieur de Rivoli;

"and what a dirty bride 'de poor Doge of Venice dey must have had!"

"And half the time raging and storming like a Xantippe," laughed Fanny.

"Yes, but then her Marito could wash his hands of her, whenever he pleased," rejoined Saville.

"Toujours à nos Calambourgs," pish'd Monsieur De Rivoli, as the gondola stopped at the steps of the Silver Lion, where stood mine host bowing most obsequiously, but looking like anything but a sea-god—in a pair of bran new nankeens, a light brown coat of equal juvenility, a sky-blue waistcoat, and a snow-white shirt, in the centre of which blazed a cornelian brooch, the size and colour of a pomegranite blossom. Had he had as many eyes, ears, and tongues, as Brierius had hands, he could scarcely have looked at, listened to, and answered all the people who now assailed him with interrogations touching their own individual comfort and accommodation.

Lord De Clifford was anxious to know, with that paternal solicitude which formed such a distinguishing trait in his character, whether he could have a dressing-room near, or rather

next, to his daughter's schoolroom? — His amiable and exemplary parent was equally anxious to ascertain, whether she could have one at some distance from her bedroom? — "For," said she, always bent upon showing how attentive she was to the well-being of others—waving her hands as she spoke, with that grace peculiar to herself and the paddles of a wherry—"*for mong fom de chomber endorm dang mong chomber et.*—My dear," turning to her affectionate son Herbert, "you who speak French and Italian so vaustly well, do be so good as to tell the man that Frump sleeps in my room, and I'm afraid the screaming of the parrot might disturb her."

The dutiful son obeyed, and then proceeded to inquire, if he could have a quiet apartment to write in, with the luxury of a lock and key to the door? as he did not like leaving papers of importance about. And here he disencumbered his servant of a despatch-box he had hitherto taken charge of.

Monsieur De Rivoli, taking advantage of the pause which this occasioned, leant forward, and gave in a schedule of his wants, which

amounted to the laudable desire of inhabiting a room which did not look upon the sea—"the air of which," as he justly observed, "not only made one seem, but in reality become, 'jaunatre.'" At the same time, he stipulated not to have one of those dark, narrow dens which generally compose the rear of most Venetian houses; "for," as he with equal truth remarked, "that in such places, it was impossible to make a toilette fit to be seen.—'Figaro ici Figaro là!'"

Round went the unfortunate owner of the Silver Lion's Head, as though it had been upon a pivot, and "Si Signore,"—"Madama bene," gushed from his lips, like water from a torrent. Next chimed in a chorus of ladies'-maids, entreating the courier to ask Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em, "if he was sure there were plenty of wardrobes and drawers, as their ladies' things had been so put about, to be sure, and *hevery hindividual* thing treated so *permiscus* as to be nearly spoilt."

At length, all these important preliminaries arranged, poor Monsieur Barbouiller ventured to inquire, in a voice almost inarticulate from

hunger and emotion, "If, 'par hazard,' his 'poulet à la Tartare' happened to be still in existence?" The "No," which gave the death-blow to his hopes, seemed to promise immortality to his appetite; for, at that moment, he felt as if all the chickens that ever had, or ever would exist, would not be sufficient to assuage the compound addition of his hunger. Herbert Grimstone, pitying in some sort his distress, and thinking that after dinner would be an admirable time to sound his political opinions, and show him his pamphlet "On the present Administration," politely invited him to join his brother's dinner-party, adding the consolatory assurance, "that the dinner having been ordered since the morning, it was then ready." In gratefully availing himself of so unexpected a blessing, poor Monsieur Barbouiller removed his Indian-rubber cap from his head, pressed his hand upon his heart, and, after bowing almost to the ground several times, looked at Herbert Grimstone with a smile of benignant complacency, as if then, for the first time since their acquaintance, he appeared not only to feel, but to admire the beauty, grace, and appo-

siteness of the expressions that had just fallen from that highly-gifted young gentleman's mouth.

Lord De Clifford included Major Nonplus in the invitation, by politely saying, "D—n it, Nonplus, you may dine with us too!" But that distinguished officer and polished gentleman declined, upon the plea of having an engagement to meet a person on business, half an hour from thence, at the "Cafè della fiore," on the piazza.

At the time of which I am writing, there was at the Silver Lion, at Venice, an English waiter, or at least a waiter who spoke English (vide the difference between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse), and, like the old woman who lived under the hill,

"If she's not gone, she's living there still!"

To him Major Nonplus now turned, and in a sonorous and dignified voice, addressed to him the following queries:

"I say, waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you got in the house?"

"Almost every thing, sir, that you please to have."

"Let me see—have you any woodcocks?"

"Not in season now, sir."

"Oh! ah! — true, I forgot! —A larded capon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any mullet?"

"Yes, sir, red and gray."

"What soups?"

"Julien—senté à la Reine—à la Jardinière—purie à la Bisque aux ouitres."

"No possibility of getting a joint, I suppose?"

"If you wait, sir, you might have a loin of mutton."

"Ah! well—what wines?"

"Here's the carte, sir."

"Humph! 'Champagne, Château Margot, Nuits, St. Peri, Asti blanc, Hermitage rouge, et blanc, Sauterne, vin de Paille, Hoc, Lachryma Christi, Orvietto, vin D'Oporto, Marsalla, Xeres.' Well, a—"

Here the major turned round, and finding that the rest of the party had gone up stairs,

and he was left "alone in his loveliness," said to the waiter, who was quietly transferring a napkin from one hand to another, while he stood attentively awaiting the major's directions for the extensive dinner he appeared inclined to order, with a pencil ready to mark down the numerous items, for fear he should forget them—"Well,—a—you may bring me—a—mutton-chop, and—a—decanter of water. And—a—I say, waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"Let the water be iced."

"Yes sir."

"And—waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh! nothing—only be sure to have the water iced, for I seldom drink water; but—a—when I do, I'm particular about it,—that's all."

A mutton-chop and cold water are not things to tax a man's time beyond the small currency of minutes; consequently, Major Nonplus soon discussed his, and with equal brevity dispatched his business at St. Marc's; for the dessert was scarcely on the table before he

joined Lord De Cliffords's party, and after drinking a couple of bottles of claret, (just merely to ascertain how it tasted after iced water) proposed that the whole party should go to the theatre, where one of Alberto Nota's plays, "I primi Passi al mal Costume," was that evening to be acted. This motion being carried, they adjourned to the theatre accordingly. In this play the Genoese advocate has drawn an animated picture of the manners of the higher classes in Italy, exemplified in a young bride, only married a few months, who, nevertheless, at that early stage of her wedded life, gives way to the follies of dissipation, coquetry, extravagance, and "serventism."—Her heart, however, being still uncorrupted, and her husband a man of a calm disposition, rather bordering on passiveness, seems to place entire confidence in her. Her father, an old officer, hasty, blunt, and credulous, hearing some slanderous reports about his daughter's conduct, proceeds to her house, and there upbraids her husband, whom he taxes with weakness; then begins to rave against his daughter, who, by the help of one of those

artful assailants so useful on such occasions, wards off his charges, and persuades him at last that her faults have been exaggerated, as is really the case, but that she is perfectly irreproachable and guiltless, even of imprudence. The old gentleman, satisfied with this, becomes her warm defender. The lady's intrigue, however, with a young lieutenant, which was at first a mere matter of commonplace gallantry, now assumes a more serious and dangerous aspect: presents and billet-doux are received, and all this under that most fatal and deceitful veil of platonic love, which in all such matters is " le commencement de la fin ;" the character of the lieutenant is that of most male platonists, namely, an artful, heartless, despicable roué.

The husband, by means of an unmarried sister, an envious, hypocritical woman, whom the bride has taken no pains to conciliate, obtains evident proofs of his wife's imprudence, if not actual guilt. Knowing the character of the cavaliero, the sposo devises a means of opening his wife's eyes, by showing her all the baseness of her pretended lover; thinking this will be the surest way, with a spirited mind like hers, to cure her of her folly.

Camilla (the bride) had planned to go to a masked ball, and there meet her inamorato. She had prepared a splendid dress for the occasion. Her husband at first forbids her to go, and this in the presence of her lover, under pretence that she is not sufficiently well; then, after some reflection, seeing her extremely mortified at the idea of being kept a prisoner at home, he tells her, when they are left to themselves, that she may go, if she consents not to put on her new dress (by which she would be known), and to accompany him under a common mask. They proceed to the ball, and there Camilla, to her great vexation, sees her lover, whom she had fondly imagined was (as in duty bound) at home sorrowing over his disappointment; instead of which, he is devoting himself to another, and assiduously pouring into her ear all those vows and protestations which Camilla believed to have been exclusively her own! Nay, more—she hears him vehemently disclaim all affection for her, and add in a tone of insulting pity, that he cannot help her affection for him; and even presents his present companion with Camilla's picture (which he had

that morning, unknown to her, abstracted from her toilet), telling her it had been her last gift that very day, but now offering it as an ovation at the shrine of his new divinity. The veil is rent from Camilla's eyes—the spell is broken!

The next day, she confesses her weakness before her husband, her father (husbands and fathers take these things more quietly on the stage), and her lover; which last she upbraids for his baseness. Her husband, seeing her sincere repentance, (most obligingly) forgives her—the lieutenant sets off for the army, and the married couple begin a new career of domestic happiness. Now, though this play certainly was not exactly a parallel to Lady De Clifford's position, yet was there quite sufficient resemblance between the circumstances, though not the conduct, of Camilla and herself, to make her feel exceedingly uncomfortable throughout the whole performance. Indeed, of late, every book she had opened, every conversation she had heard, seemed as if especially to warn or to taunt her,—to turn upon the subject of female impropriety; and in the latter, she could not help thinking that every one had suddenly grown much more fastidiously moral than they

had wont to be. One scene, however, in this play had plunged her into a train of painful reflections, which were by no means either new nor unusual with her. In the scene where the lieutenant shows Camilla's picture to her rival, swearing at the same time that he never loved her, Julia could not but recal many similar scenes in real life, to which she had been an eye and ear witness. How often, either prior or subsequent to some disgraceful and disgusting trial, whose issue, whether pro or con, was to send some lovely but frail (or it might be only imprudent) woman an outcast upon the world for ever,— the theme of every gossip,— the jibe of every lacquey,—had she seen the heartless cause of all in a brilliant assemblage, 'mid the blush of beauty and the blaze of fashion, the gayest of the gay !—hanging wooingly over *another*, or barbing the smile and pointing the jest at his last poor victim, who at that moment had no companion but her hot tears and her broken heart, and who, instead of the rosy wreaths and sparkling gems with which she lately attracted all beholders, had now her poor temples wreathed with leeches to avoid madness ! And is it for such cold-blooded, heart-

less, soulless wretches as these, she has asked herself that a woman risks, and—*loses all?*

There are, it is true, some men who are longer than others in coming to this termination; but come to it they do at last, and although their words may be less coarse, their conduct is not more delicate. There are epicures in love as well as in gastronomy, and in either case they like to prolong and refine their pleasure as much as possible; for which reason, the epicurean profligate will, for some time, endeavour to honour and exalt his victim as much as possible, till convenience, interest, or circumstance make him desire a change; or what is more sure than any, till custom, that mildew of a man's heart, blights every feeling, and then there is but one result:

"For man, seldom just to man, is never so to woman."

And why should he? since no wickedness, no meanness, no treachery, no falsehood he can be guilty of towards them, can unfit him for a place in the legislature, or in society; and since no violation of the laws of God can deprive him of the all-securing protection and immunities of the laws of man. Lord Byron says somewhere in his journal, "When justice is

done to me, it will be when this hand that writes is as cold as the hearts that have stung me." Would to Heaven that every woman had this sentence engraven on her heart by prescience, instead of by experience! and then fewer would put themselves in the way of more injustice, than every daughter of Eve brings into the world with her, as the mortgage the serpent has left upon her sex!

Julia looked melancholy and dispirited, as she always did when reflections like the above came across her. Mowbray perceived it, and surmising the cause, contented himself with abusing the play—the tameness of the plot—the heartless coquetry of Camilla—the dishonourable conduct of the lover—the gullability of the father, and the humble endurance and christian forgiveness of the husband—all by turns shared his animadversions, as they walked to their gondolas. The night was soft, and balmy in the extreme, and the moon shone as brightly as any that had ever lit that Adrian sea; ever and anon, fairy sounds floated on the air, of soft mandolins and softer voices, which, in their turn, were echoed by the ripple of the oars in the silver waters of those genius-haunted waves.

"I never see the sea by moonlight," said Julia to Mowbray, as they sat together at the head of the gondola, "without wishing I was Undine, that I might plunge in, and see all the bright treasures beneath."

"What an exquisite tale that is!" replied he.

"Yes; and if she was supernatural, Huldbrand was, at least, a *true* man, because a *false* one," replied Julia, with a smile that was *not* seen, and a sigh that *was* heard, and felt, too, at least by Mowbray.

"I fear," said he, "that his character is indeed but too true to nature; but the beauty of the story consists in the beauty of the allegory; for, surely," he continued, in his lowest and most musical voice, as the gondola stopped at the steps of the Silver Lion—"surely, you must admit, that we never have a soul—at least, that we never feel that we have one, till we love."

"I admit," said Julia, trembling violently as she lent on his arm to ascend the steps—"I admit, that we are never in danger of *losing* it till we love."

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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